

CAVALCADE

JUNE, 1952

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The traitor
died
in Honour

— page 4

**TOMB OF
THOUSANDS**

— page 12

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Cavalcade

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The brown man and the white man both sought the red man but he beat them.



THE TRAITOR DIED IN HONOUR

CHARLES RALPH

TRAITOR is a hard word, but he deserved it. A soldier of the Queen, he deserted his hard-pressed comrades and went over to the enemy. For ten years, while the war lasted, he faced the certainty of bullet or noose if he was captured. For a long time afterwards it was believed that he killed a senior British officer in battle. Yet he died an old man, and in the arms of society.

The tale opens in a camp of British regulars in Taranaki, New Zealand, just eighty-eight years ago this month. A camp, I said—but it was more like a bush-house. Under the

tall, non-perfect peak of Kaitake the bush was full of Maori warriors of a new and deadly kind. They were Haia Haia—bloodthirsty, cannibalistic fighters of a crowd that owed nothing to the ancient Maori chiefdom. The regulars, with their red coats and steel-capped men, marched up and down the sparse lands and along the open beaches, but where there was cover of any kind the Haia Haia ruled supreme.

In three never-ending circumstances a court-martial sat in Taranaki camp. The accused man was a private not long joined—a tallish,

slightest man of dark, upturned features and restless eyes. The charge was desertion.

The senior officers of the court, led by president, was Lieutenant-Colonel Massard of the Fifty-Seventh Foot.

He listened with rheumatoid boredom to the evidence given by the red-faced sergeant and duty officer, to the pleas of the prisoner's advocates. The man's eyes twinkled him.

"Private Bent," said the Colonel. "Ah—anything to say, man? You only chance, you know."

Bent's voice had a sharp nasal twang. "Nothing—except that it's a time of heat."

"Yes." The Colonel noted the account, noted also the carefully omitted "Sir." "Are you, a British subject?"

The prisoner's lips twisted. "I was born in Barbours, Maine. My mother was a halfbred Indian of the Munster tribe. I guess that makes me American. But I come here in a whaler, and I enlisted of my own free will. I didn't enlist into slavery!"

The Colonel shrugged, glanced at his conferees.

"Case proven," he said evenly. "The accused is sentenced to twenty-five lashes, thence to return to duty. The Court will adjourn."

The sentence was not unreasonably severe for those days of rigid discipline and somewhat barbaric cruelty—but it wasn't easy to take. The following day the prisoner was paraded to witness the punishment. In meticulous lines the redcoats formed up with ordered arms in a hollow square. In the middle was the dreaded triangle, to which Bent was linked by wrists and ankles. The son of a lame娘 was the old Royal New instrument of torture some where—a wicked nine-throated whip the ends of which were bound with wire.

Kentle Bent had the benefit of two things before the ordeal started. One was a long draught of rum, the other a temporary pain in the back of a bullet to help on. As the drum-roll ended, the body punishment began to lay it on.

The prisoner took it without flinching. His back would heal, but—"Twenty-five lashes, thence to return to duty," the Colonel had said. It was a hard way out, but the only way.

He was still conscious when they cut him down. He had a few hours to recuperate, then back to duty. Until then he was a free man. Free! No shame for desertion here, with the Haia Haia all around. Only a madman would try it.

A soldier did. He was Kentle Bent. Unarmed and without shoes or uniform jacket, he walked straight out into enemy territory.

The Haia Haia men who saw him must have thought he was crazy. He needed him twice each time raised his tapered double-barrelled abstract to blow the hooded patches apart. Bent walked on. Finally the Maori, perhaps curious, perhaps believing that madness gave a special affinity with God, took him prisoner. Bent offered no resistance.

There a long dispute took place as to his ultimate fate. Kentle Bent joined in heartily, saying that he was not quite a whole man, not quite a prisoner, and that he wanted merely to join the tribe.

The chief made a typically Maori decision. Kentle Bent could stay—provided he married a woman of the chief's own choosing. Lovelied chastity enforced the ruling. The chief's choice was a hairbreadth ugly girl, humpy, one-eyed and grumpy-looking—a slave-woman, nobody wanted. But he had gone too far to permit now.

ALAN DICK of the London

Daily Herald took the pleasure out of the beauty business when he asked a lovely why she wanted to be chosen as The Ethna Girl.

"The money," she said.

"Why?" he asked.

"New curtains," said the Ethna Girl.

His position was an amusing one. Indeed, The Ethna Girl was a kind of perverted blend of Christianity and violent Moslem nationalism, pledged to drive the white man into the sea.

The Ethna Girls were fourteen and criminals, eating the eyes, noses and entrails of slain foes on the theory that by doing so they gained in courage. Their war-dances was designed to work them up into a mad frenzy, following which they would hurl themselves into battle with complete disregard for their own lives. Their conduct showed no resemblance to that of the traditional fighting Moslem, who took prisoners and spared the wounded. They fought screaming "Ethna Hay!" in a high-pitched bark, believing that if they shouted loudly enough no bullet could touch them.

To many of these warlike Ethna Girls was a white man, and thus an enemy. There was never any guarantee that, in the middle of a wild "Ethna," the whole tribe would not descend upon him, pluck out his

eyes, and tear his heart from his body.

At the same time, his whereabouts soon became known to the British forces and their Moslem allies. A hotly was placed on his head. White men and brown strove to find him, to remove this single evidence of treachery. From being the hunter, this particular band of Ethna Girls often found themselves fleeing from forces of winged redskins, from Moslem warriors led by the remarkable Major Kemp, and from the formidable Forest Rangers led by Major von Totschlag.

But Bent lived. Indeed, he received a romantic substitute as daughter and bride as one of the cleanest sports. Somewhere along the bush tracks of a retreat he met who died. He had won his way to full Moslem status by this time, and was allowed to choose his own woman. Kimble Bent got his mark back—the daughter of a chief, no less.

How Kimble Bent was her is not known, but was her he did. Then tragedy stepped in. There was a child, but it died, perhaps of privation. Later she, too, passed away. Kimble Bent never quite recovered from his loss.

Thus came the incident which was to send his enemies after him with redoubled fury. Years passed, and the war raged on without any clear indication as to whether Kimble Bent was actively engaged in fighting the British forces. One day, on the long slope of a sun-drenched battlefield, the answer seemed to be given.

The hill was topped by a Moslem pe—a triple palisade of tree-trunks through the center of which the Ethna Girls kept up a devastating fire on the attacking redskins. Leading his bowmen, Lieutenant-Colonel Stansford, the officer who had presided at

Bent's court-martial, charged towards the defenses. He was close to the palisade when a cross-bull struck him down.

"The 'pe' fell at last. Prisoners were taken, thousands more of the defenders, as usual, slipped away in darkness. It was known that Bent had been in the 'pe' at the time of the attack. A whisper went around. Soldiers swore they remembered a wild-eyed, bearded figure, draped like the Moslems in a hill lighter than they were in sun-colored, strenuous defense and lung from the rifle-pits. More than one man believed they had seen Bent fire the shot which killed these colonial—the vengeance shot!

"Gee Bent!" was the cry. "Strike the traitor up!"

But, in fact, they never did get him. How close they came only Bent could tell, and he kept his own counsel until the last. The years went by, the Ethna Girls were crushed, the sacred treaties were annulled, and the whole country settled into an uneasy peace. Kimble Bent was forgotten. His beloved woman died or went back to England. The others thought that somewhere in the tea-py campaign Bent himself had fallen.

And then, well into the twentieth century, he was found again—an old,

gray-bearded man, dressed as a Moslem but wearing no turban. So long had he been a tribesman that he had almost forgotten his native tongue. And he had prepared. He was revealed as a "colonizer" (gentle), greatly skilled in a kind of bush medicine which was a blend of Moslem herbal remedies and the sort of treatments a man might learn as a priest or doctor aboard an American whaler.

They held a full inquiry on Kimble Bent—and they could produce no shred of evidence that he had ever raised a weapon against the white man. He denied it himself, and every Moslem witness they could produce backed him. The affidavits concerning the death of Colonel Mansel were of incidents seen dimly in the heat of battle, and the men who made them were beyond cross-examination. All charges were dropped. The matter of desertion—well, he was a traitor every man by that time.

So Kimble Bent lived out his days as a peaceful Moslem. His sons, of personal peace, grew with his age. It was said that he could wash a man to death, without benefit of horse-pistol—a trick it was as well he had not learned fifty years earlier. When at last he died he had seen what to him must have seemed the impossible—Moslem and police marching off to fight for the British King at Gallipoli and in France.



the judge had to order

A DUEL



EDWARD ANDREWS

The dance at the village has been a happy-go-lucky affair, but after the ball, a country belle was lying in a water-hole.

THE village dance at the Tyburn Inn, Redbridge, was a happy-go-lucky affair. Couples stopped off the dance floor to drink heavily country ale in the tap room, others wandered into the dark fields beyond the inn.

It was the anniversary year of 1817. There were some who disappeared, of course. William Redford, the local blacksmith and magistrate, believed this sort of guilty prevented the laboring classes from doing a good day's work next morning. And Dr. Beaker, rector of Redley parish, shook his head sadly. All enjoyment, he felt, was sinful.

Mary Ashford enjoyed herself more than anyone else. She was just 23, she had a new dress and she knew she was the belle of the ball. In particular, she knew that Abraham Thornton was looking at her.

Thornton, the big, good-looking son of a prosperous builder, was the local Lordling. Girls pined and blushed when he spoke to them and whispered to each other about his dreadful reputation as a seducer.

Thornton himself was attracted by Mary's fresh prettiness. After he had dined one or two more pots of ale he whispered to an admiring away:

"That Ashford girl is the one. I've slept with her twice three times and I'm going to sleep with her."

He dashed attention on her the rest of the night and walked home with her when the dance ended.

Thornton was a widely-experienced lover. Mary was a simple country girl. Inevitably they walked aside into the fields.

The couple were seen walking together to the house where Mary changed her clothes. Mary, eldest, was seen an hour later hurrying across the fields to work.

There was no sign of her next. With a flurry of skirts she scurried out and beyond the hedges. The morning mist closed round her and she disappeared.

Two hours later, Mary's body was found in a lonely water-hole. Whether she fell in the pool while washing herself or whether she deliberately drowned herself in remorse for her lost chastity has never been cleared up.

But Magistrate Redford had his own show. In those days England had no police force and magistrates had the duty of clearing up crimes in their areas.

Redford, self-important and conceited, set to work and triumphantly found some footmarks in a field near the water-hole.

On that slender foundation he built up a charge of murder against Thornton. The libertine had him in wait for Mary, chased her around the fields, pushed her and thrown her in the water hole. Mr. Redford insisted.

Redford's theory left a good many things unexplained.

Why, for instance, should Thornton rape and kill a girl who had slept with him willingly a few hours before?

And how could Thornton cheat,

rape and kill a girl, hide her body, then run two and a quarter miles—all in 15 minutes?

Mrs. Justice Holroyd carefully pointed out this weakness when Thornton was tried at Warwick Assizes. The jury found Thornton not guilty.

The verdict created a sensation. Propagandists, led by Magistrate Redford, created a wave of hate against Thornton.

Rev. Dr. Beaker preached on Mary's fate in his parish church. He published a pamphlet, "Moral Review of the Conduct and Case of Mary Ashford."

A tractate was printed with her grave by public subscription and Dr. Beaker composed the epitaph.

As a reward to Female Virtue and a humble monument to Female Chastity.

The stone marks the grave of MARY ASHFORD

Who in the 23th year of her age having voluntarily repaired to a Scene of Amusement without proper protection was brutally violated and murdered on the 15th May, 1817.

Even the London Times referred to the "unexplained crime of public justice." Dozens of pamphlets and broadsheets were printed on the case. Most of them attacked Thornton and most openly said that he should have been hanged.

Redford's lawyers, poring through ancient volumes, discovered a method of putting Thornton on trial a second time—an ancient procedure called an appeal of murder.

Like most old laws, the procedure was never founded on common sense. Medieval barons often influenced court cases by sending their armed retainers to the trial town to intimidate juries.

The appeal of murder was a civil action which could be brought before

Now here's a hint for every
soul
Who at a cocktail party likes
to bother—
However far your conversa-
tion is
The women like to have it
better!
I'd like to lay the world on
your feet!
For you I'd go through fire
and water uncomplaining.
I can scarcely live without
you, sweet—
I'll tell you to-morrow, if it
ain't raining.

the King's justice, by the victim's
word-of-mouth. If the kinsman was, this
case he could demand the death
penalty.

Bellford, acting through Mary's
brother, William, had Thomas ar-
rested on this unusual charge—it had
been used for more than 100 years.
The arrest began a new period of
debate. Should the law protect
the principle of private vengeance?
Was it right to try a man a second
time for the one charge?

Thomas's lawyers did not join in
the argument. They spent their time
driving into old books on appeal of
murder.

When Thomas was charged before
the full court of the King's Bench he
was asked how he pleaded.

He stood up in court and said
clearly: "Not guilty and I am ready
to defend the same with my body."

At the same time he threw a glance
on the face of the court. Oh struck
William Ashford on the head as it
told!

The Lord Chief Justice, Lord Ellen-
borough, sat up abruptly. The other
judges forgot their judicial robes and
leaped forward. This was the first
time in 100 years a defendant had
claimed the ancient right to try his
guilt in battle with the accuser.

Thomas's lawyer triumphantly re-
pleaded the plea. Trial by battle had
been abolished centuries before in
most courts. But the appeal of murder
remained, even then, was so out-
dated that it had been overlooked.

Thomas had a clear right to estab-
lish his innocence by fighting William
Ashford with sword or battle-axe.

This form of trial, widely used in
the Middle Ages, rested on the belief
that God would give victory to the
innocent party.

Ashford's lawyer protested valiantly.
Should a man charged with murder-
ing a man be permitted to prove his
innocence by murdering the lawyer
as well, he demanded.

Lord Ellenborough did not ap-
prove of trying a man a second time
interrupted. "Nay, it is the law of
England. We must not call it over-
done."

The case dragged on through weeks
of argument. Lawyers quoted statutes
and comments going back to 1194 AD.

There had been no actual combat
since the Middle Ages, but once, in
the case of Charles I, two litigants
had gone far enough to average the
time and place of their battle.

King Charles promptly drove them
both in prison with their hampers
cashed.

The case was argued delightfully in
lawyers' robes, chains and in the
pews. What weapons were allow-
able? Could Thomas and Ashford
use pistols? Or must they stick to
medieval weapons? If one died, could
the other be charged with murder?

Ashford's lawyers found a last loop-

hole. Whose mandamus had been
ought red-headed they lost the right
of trial by battle. They argued that
the prosecution's case was strong
enough to make this rule apply.

Lord Ellenborough would not give
way.

"The law of the land allows weapons
of battle," he said. "It is our duty
to preserve the law as it is, not as
we may wish it. Whoever proposes
may justifiably stand against the
mode of trial, the court must pre-
serving judgment for it."

That was the end and Bellford
knew it.

Thomas was a big, powerful man
and Will Ashford was a slight,
weakly-built youth. There could be
only one outcome.

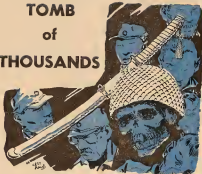
On April 20, 1782, Ashford formally
refused to accept battle and Thom-
as was discharged.

On the same day the Attorney-
General announced in the House of
Commons that a new Bill was being
prepared to abolish appeal of murder
—and trial by battle.

There would be no making the
young mistake twice.



TOMB of THOUSANDS



Perhaps it was the Japanese idea of honor . . . at all events the gods believed that they die.

ONE day, nearly ten years ago, two or three thousand Japanese soldiers died. That was not a startling fact. It was the manner of their death, and the place in which they died, which caused so much comment at the time, and so much speculation afterwards.

There is a hill facing the Marikhan Valley, behind the New Guinea town of Lae. It is called Mount Lomanan, and is roughly about half a mile long. The hill itself is a variable honey-comb of tunnels, narrow-barrel dig-

into the earth, and comparatively easy to descend from anywhere in the valley below. At least that must have been what the Japanese thought when they fortified the tunnels and used them as lairs. No one is quite sure of the uses of the tunnels. Some survivors held that there was a hospital here there. Others say that the Japs stored valuable equipment there. There were a few prisoners there too, whispered the suggestive voice of speculation, Australians and Americans.

At any rate, whatever the reasons the Japs held, it is certain that the Japanese used them for bases for attacks upon the Lee airbase after the Allies had captured the town. As the Allied planes came in to land the Japanese would fly on the ground, and dash back into the security of the caves before any retaliation could be made.

You will say that the situation does not look a very definite one. The Japs were entrenched, but surrounded. The Allies could hardly blast the entire hill to pieces, but they could prevent the Japs from leaving their stronghold and sooner or later they would have to surrender.

But when they were called upon to surrender there was only a story alone. Days went past, and the messenger who had gone to deliver the ultimatum did not return. A second messenger volunteered to gather the caves and give those thousands of Japanese a last chance to live. He did not come back.

There could be only one answer to the unaccountable silence of the little yellow men. Bulldozers, working at night, broke down the entrances and vents to the tunnels, and for a depth of twenty to thirty feet back, solid earth sealed off the caves.

Whatever the gods to which the yellow men pray, however great their idea of the worth of the sealed forms of death, *ban-kai*, that night must have been one which surely tested their faith before they died.

There are the facts! What is left is only speculation! How did they die? How many of our own men, apart from the unfortunate messengers, died with them? Why did they not surrender? Surely some of them would have preferred a few years in a prison camp, and then life again. But instead, they chose a death which

must have been appalling in its horror. Not the quick death they could expect from a rifle bullet, but the lingering torture of being smothered to death from lack of oxygen. It was a sort of *Black-Steel* of Chikents on a grander scale.

Perhaps it was the Japanese idea of honor (and life without honor would be *useless*), which influenced their great choice. Just as the British soldier in China died rather than kneel and worship publicly before a heathen idol, and the Hindu martyr chose death in the lion's pit rather than give up their new-found religion, so the Japanese chose their honor. The gods believed that they must die. They accepted the edict of the gods.

The notion of *ban-kai*, or "honorable suicide," really consists of a conventional *suicide*-killing. It is almost as ancient as Japan itself, being originally instituted by the emperor, or military clan, when they had no choice but to die.

Few Japanese officers were ever taken prisoner—unless unconscious or badly wounded. When shot down from planes in the Pacific, they invariably refused life lines thrown to them from enemy vessels.

Traditionally *ban-kai* is carried out with fortitude and fearlessness. No other nation of the Japanese shows more clearly the difference between their outlook on life—or death—and ours.

Hard endurance is ingrained into their nature. They have no thought other than to stay—their gods, their code and their imperium. Consequently, most of them can meet the necessity for self-destruction with complete composure.

One can only imagine the fearful happenings of the day and night after the sealing of the caves. Some must have drawn their swords frantically

Ha-ha, gentlemen! Men-
chanism lets grade 1,000 yards
all have spotted under the
green dragons of Chicago Uni-
versity's Dr. Willard F. Libby.
And Dr. Libby's discovery in
hubs to some some heated
discussion in belated circles,
as it had previously been
held by experts that no steel
could retain life for more
than 200 years. This device
has—before Dr. Libby—been
disputed only once . . . when
a French biologist collected
seeds from the Pyramids of
Egypt and persuaded them to
blossom under the duddum
that they were thousands of
years old. It was only later
learned that the Pyramids had
been biologically "fertilized." The
seeds had been from packed
loaves from the plant and deposited
in the Pyramids by the Eryp-
tian folkies with their usual
artistic channery.

and none with humor to their deaths.
For they must all have realized that
there could be no hope of any of
them surviving the ordeal. That
fact they must have discussed and
accepted before they entered to sur-
vive. But of all these hundreds
there must have been some women
there who clung to the last sliver of
hope, until they too were dashed into
oblivion. And they could not all
have remained sane while their com-
patriots died around them, with death
stalking them so supernaturally, yet
so ineffectually.

And perhaps there were others, who

did not intend to die without a last
effort at retaliation. We don't know
just what lies in that vast tomb, but
to support several thousand refugees,
there must have been a good deal of
equipment. Does it still lie there,
rusting, among the bones of the men
who may need it? Or did they de-
stroy everything before they died? Or
perhaps were the machines, guns
the tunnels, not booty traps in the
bosoms of their dead comrades in a
spirit of massive revenge.

So they must have died. Perhaps
they possessed the oblong supply of
air with a last effort to the phos-
phor shadows of their tomb. We shall
never know.

Equipment worth thousands of
pounds, twisted wreckage, rotting
bodies, only small slivers of metal left
as clues to the identity of the hoaps
of bones which litter the maze floors.
It will not be long now before the
caves will be re-opened, and much
of the speculation will become fact.
Now that the Japanese Peace Treaty
is finally signed, Army personnel has
been given to open the sealed pas-
sages.

And the folks which laugh so
heartily at the poor straggling mar-
tials they dangle like puppets from a
string, have a strange quirk of hu-
manity in their make-up, for they as-
sured that this Japanese tank should
be sold for the sum of one Australian
guinea. Such is the price of death!

The man who bought the tank is
a gold miner who travelled in 1946
to New Guinea with a view to buy-
ing mining machinery there. On the
ship he made the acquaintance of an
Army Despatch Officer on his way to
New Guinea for a role of unwanted
army material. In the course of a
chat the miner learned of the Mount
Luzon stronghold, and when the
Army man said, "What'll you give for
it?" he laughed and offered a guinea.

So, for that price, the stronghold
changed hands, and an Australian
gold-miner found himself the posses-
sor of the ultimate rights of one of the
most amazing tanks which has ever
enjoyed the history of the world.

To a friend, he sold a half share
in his weird purchase. The two men
took their receipt, and the sale was
written up in quite a few newspapers,
and then printed into the backwoods
by the more momentous news of the
war. Until the signing of the Peace
Treaty, nothing could be done, and
for the most part, nobody has thought
very much about the subject. But
now it is coming up again. Within a
few months the sealed passages and
vents will be opened, and the mystery
of just what does lie in the tunnels
will be unveiled.

Identification discs will tell us

whether there were any Allied pris-
oners in that fatal place, and Japan-
ese discs will tell the number of
Japanses dead. We will know
whether the poor wretches died by
their own hand, or slowly exhaus-
ted. We will be able to find out
for just what purpose the tunnels
were used. That is, we will be able
to tell all these things of the Japanese
did not apply a scorching earth policy
and destroyed what they could.

There will be a few formalities to
be gone through before the two men
can open up the caves, and then the
stage will be set to write the ending
to one of the strangest stories of
either history or fiction. Will they
find a vast treasure trove of valuable
equipment and machinery, or will the
foam laugh yet again and provide a
final unexpected sequel to the drama?



The gang sat under the old apple tree and drank whiskey; strangely they were golden not ingens.



AMERICA'S FIRST NINETEENTH HOLE

FRANK BOWNE

THEIR hosts had been having a ball and chasing it for nearly five hundred years before the dance spread across the Atlantic. In fact, it was a cold, wine morning in February, 1811, before the first game of golf was played on American soil.

The father of the game was one John Reid, who invited some friends to his company and showed them two sets of sticks that he had procured. They fashioned three iron pointed heads, and Reid and one John J. Upham went to work, while the gallery of onlookers looked on.

That's how it started, and the golf-

ing bag was being vigorously by spread, so much so that the neighbors wouldn't hold the people who wanted to play. This all happened in Westchester County, New York, and the game's next benefactor was the local butcher, who offered the use of thirty acres of land for a course. This offer was accepted, and for four years the golfers, who remained unoppressed by the neighbors of those who had the sense to play at arrows were playing a game too silly for kids, whistled away.

The set of clubs had grown to six, carried, not in a bag, but over the

shoulders. There were three woods, a driven, brassie and spoon, and three irons, a clack, a sand-iron, and a putter. The golfer carried a ball to play with and one spare ball.

Progress clashed with golf in 1822, when the New York City Council decided to extend Palisade Avenue to a point where it went right through the course.

A good Samaritan named Weston, who rented an apple orchard, came to their aid. He made the promise that they were not to injure the trees, at least not intentionally, and they were quite happy. The course meandered through the trees, and near the first tee, a large apple tree served the purpose of the nineteenth hole. A basket of sandwiches hung from one branch and a two-wheeled demijohn of whiskey from another.

All in all, there was every opportunity for a good time pleasantly sidebatted time to be enjoyed by the congregation. In short, it was a primitive attempt to Win Friends and Influence People.

The Club Members, who numbered thirteen, became known as the Old Apple Tree Gang. With the installation of the new course, an active drive for membership began, but only seven new members came along in two years.

But even with a membership of twenty, the Club fell into two factions. Reid, who had started the game, wanted all efforts to maintain the course from a six-hole track to nine, or even eighteen, which had been done by a new Club at Shinnecock Hills, and at Wheaton, in Chicago.

Arguments about improving the course, and even moving, became bitter and frequent, and one championship was made that the Old Apple Tree Gang was not prepared to move too far from the apple tree. Finally, the

arguments were settled, and the Club started to look around for enough ground to lay out an eighteen hole course. They found it in the shape of a "fourier" house surrounded by plenty of ground.

There is no record of any ghosts having been seen after the golfers went on, and the Club membership increased by leaps and bounds. They had never worried much about a score, but now they called themselves the St. Andrews Golf Club.

They even decided to fly a flag. This led to a mistake that wasn't discovered for some time. Reid, who ordered the flag, was quite certain that he knew what St. Andrews's Cross looked like. He ordered a red cross on a white ground. This happened to be St. Patrick's Cross. St. Andrews's Cross is a white or silver cross on a blue ground. However, even with the wrong flag flying above the Clubhouse, everybody seemed happy.

In the first summer after moving, a challenge to a match was accepted from the Shinnecock Club. It was accepted eagerly. When the Shinnecock boys turned up, the Apple Tree Gang, who dressed just as they liked, very nearly collapsed. The visitors were arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, in red coats like hunting jackets, bright plaid knickerbockers and long puttees.

Despite this remarkable attire, and the mounting effect on the home side, the Apple Tree Gang was handily.

But their interest in clothing had been fixed, and a committee drew up a uniform, which had to be worn at all times in playing or relaxing in the Clubhouse. They left nothing out. The uniform consisted of red coats with brass buttons. Trousers, blue checked waistcoats, pearl grey hats, with blue and white bands. Scotch plaid hose, and grey puttees.

THREE letters written by the King to Winston Churchill sum up the deep friendship which was brought between the two men. In April, 1940: My Dear Mr. Churchill; In January, 1941: My Dear Mr. Prime Minister; in December, 1944: My Dear Winston.

were added to the members' attire. On the links, a blue check cap was worn. The red coat had a blue collar with silver crosses on it.

Members were permitted to wear their own ties, but a high-waisted collar had to be worn.

It certainly was a sorry outfit, by any standards.

Any member forgetting his red coat was fined two shillings, later changed to a quarter of Scotch.

The Club took a bold step in 1842 by importing the famous Scotch pie, White Park, to play in matches and celebrations. Park turned up as a red coat with a blue collar, on which was the motto, "the real one."

He was far and near all right, at least for those days, and he showed it in a match with another Scot, Willie Campbell. Harassed by a ball on his neck, Park broke the course record with an 11, winning 4 and 3. The reigning was enormous.

This year, golf was against the Sunday sport law. A law was passed prohibiting Sunday baseball, and the

members' baseball in one district tried to vent their wrath on the soldiers. This led to a riot, and the retreat of the ball players, who showed they were no sports by putting the Sunday golfers to the pasture. The police arrived, and plucked the entire Club. They spent the night in the cells, and next morning a Judge was in the middle of promising to send them all to jail when somebody reminded him that it was election year, and that one of the players would probably decide who went on the ticket.

So he acquitted them, the matter was accepted as a test case, and golf on Sunday was permitted without hindrance.

In 1851, the Club was again forced to shift its ground. This was almost dark, and the Club settled down at St. Hope, where it proceeded to make its clubhouse and course into showplaces.

The following year, the Club was stricken with what must surely be the funniest malady that any golf club has known. Gold was discovered in the Highlands, and nearly half the membership joined the gold rush. As far as is known, none of them struck it rich, which was unfortunate, because at the next year, when assets brought about a financial crisis.

The crisis was solved by the acquisition of a dynamic man as chairman. This was one Joseph P. Thomas. A man who had been fairly successful in business, and wanted another interest, he took to the job of playing St. Andrews in financial security, like a duck takes to water.

Within two years the Club has shaken out of the red, and has never been back there.

Thomas was a man of direct speech. He was no orator, but nobody ever had much difficulty in working out what he meant.

One of the Club's traditional stories concerns the origin of a sand trap near the clubhouse hole. It wasn't there until half-way through Thomas' second year in control. Playing one day he found his drive badly. When he finished ranning, he turned to his opponent, who happened to be a commissioner, and said, "Right there is where we'll build a sand-trap. We'll trench those short driving, slick, nose-of-bricks that they can't get away with that stuff here!"

Thomas contracted in the middle for

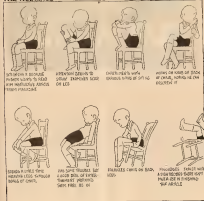
ten years, and left the Club that he had joined when it was struggling, as the premier Club of America.

The Apple Tree that played such a prominent and joyful part in American golfing history has been preserved, and is to-day in the garden of the Donalds residence at 618 Palisade Drive, Yonkers. That is all except one club, eight inches by two inches, which, properly mounted and inscribed stands in the Club House at the Royal and Ancient, Scotland.

THE END

THE AUDIENCE

By CLUYAS WILLIAMS



Eleanor had no difficulty in stretching out her morals. Result: she stretched her neck.



J. W. HEWING

ELEANOR Wheeler had a perfect neck for a hangman's rope. Whether she had any effect on her mind no one will ever know.

And Eleanor could stretch her neck, as well as her neck. She went to live with a man named Peasey, and adopted his name, becoming Mrs. Peasey, a name she won't make famous. Peasey went through after a while, but she kept his name.

Eleanor went to live at 1 Priory Street, Kantish Town, and she was born there when she met Frank Hogg, who lived nearby in Prince of Wales Road. Frank had a way with

the ladies, or she, Eleanor was very obliging. At that time he was managing his mother's provision shop and he was content to be married, but Eleanor fell madly in love with him and he could not resist her blandishments. He accepted the betrothal of her father, but went on with his marriage to the other woman.

Eleanor was not a bit pleased at not being one of the star turns of the wedding ceremony. She shouldn't have minded a little thing like that. After her marriage Frank still had the key of her house—and used it.

He changed his occupation and be-

came a furniture dealer. His mother and sister, Clara, lived with him at the house in Prince of Wales Road. He also did a little double-dealing with the women. He introduced Eleanor to his wife in a casual way as a friend, and the two women became great pals. At least, Mrs. Hogg thought they were great pals. Eleanor had her own idea. She didn't like sharing her house.

Frank continued to use two keys—one at home and one at Eleanor's place.

In course of time another little Hogg came into the world. It added to Eleanor's fostering anxiety. She wrote passionate loving-letters to Frank.

In October, 1910, one of these letters might have fallen into the wrong hands, for there was a growing suspicion in the Hogg household that Frank might be more than a friend to Eleanor. Perhaps he talked in his sleep. Or he may have been short in his wagon, for Eleanor mother asked not again, yet she paid her rent.

One day the refined Eleanor sat down in her kitchen, picked a lead pencil and mailed an invitation to Mrs. Hogg to come over and have a dish of afternoon tea. She then went out into Priory Street, called a small boy who belonged to a neighbour and hired him for a penny to take the note round to Prince of Wales Road.

Mrs. Hogg took the note from the boy and showed it to a sister and a niece, who were waiting her at the time. Vowing each other was presumably the main occupation of the women of the region.

That afternoon, Mrs. Hogg placed her baby with motherly care in a four-wheeled perambulator and set off to stroll round to visit her pal Mrs. Peasey. She did arrive, for two passers-by saw her and the baby to-

ing into Eleanor's message.

When Frank Hogg arrived home from work he found a hastily-scrambled note on the kitchen table, saying "Will not be long. Quarter past three." As it was then many hours after three, he felt that the note was telling him or someone was wrong.

Hogg found Clara and learned about the invitation from Eleanor.

He decided to slip round to Priory Street and use of the dish of tea was finished. He had an arranged signal with Eleanor. If she had gone out for some hours she always left the light burning in the back bedroom to indicate that fact to him. He lit himself in with his key, found the house empty and the light burning in the back bedroom. He hung around for a few moments, hoping that someone would show up, then wrote a note and left it on the kitchen table.

"About twenty past ten!" it said. "Don't stop longer."

Very worried now, but she very true, he decided to go home to bed.

But in the morning he was not wakened and his wife and child were still among the running. He started to search for them, going first to Cherry Wood, before he went to tell his sister Clara to make a call on Eleanor, so it would seem that Frank had a lurking feeling of trouble.

He arrived at his wife's father's home and found that she had not been there. Really worried now, he started back to Kantish Town. But during his absence things had been happening.

Let us first go with Clara on her visit to Eleanor. Eleanor was in. Clara asked if she had seen Mrs. Hogg.

Eleanor beat about the bush for a while, then she said, "Well, as a matter of fact, she was here. She called and wanted to borrow some money

STATE OF THE NATION (XIII)

Old Mother Nature's will owns she shuffles us about—
Uses the rain to keep us in, the sun to bring us out,
And then to prove she has no favorites, she would just as soon
Send rain down in December, and give a sunny June—
Or in the June sun an attempt on Nature's part to back out
Of the awkward situation that's created by the blackout?
Lies killed by far than Nature, in the better part will tread
And say of June in winter what of summer June is said
In England, and in ports afar where ladies have shewn June
Because it's warm and days are long and nights have brighter moon.

But our June ladies have none of that—and so they must exert
To far less floral weddings when nights are long and days are short.

A honeymooning hazard which, I note with some dismay,
Committal couples overlook in June—or, really, do they?

Madness comes to the aid of Jay-Pay.

from me, but I didn't have any to lend her. So she went away without coming in."

Clara departed, Eleanor went with her.

There was something wrong, all right. At seven o'clock the night before, a clerk named bloodstained, wearing his way wearily hunched along the Chancery Road, almost swallowed his cigarette butt when his popping eyes beheld the figure of a woman lying across the pathway of a house in the course of construction. There was a dark jacket over the woman, and her head slumped and lifted her jacket. Then he did gulp down his butt, for the woman's head had been almost covered from the body! He ran to the Boston College Highway Station and staggered out the story to the constable on duty there, who sent for a doctor.

The next day's morning papers were full of the discovery.

Inspector Bannister had been given charge of the case, and he led Clara and Eleanor to the corpse. He also led them to a slab and dropped back a sheet. It wasn't very helpful for purposes of identification that the face of the victim was still very blood-stained. Clara choked back her rising nausea at the sight of the mutilation and took a good look, but she wasn't sure.

"I cannot recognize her face," she said, "but these are her clothes all right."

Eleanor stood with a blank expression. She said nothing. The inspector turned to Dr. Reed and asked him to wash the face.

Eleanor dismissed Clara. "Oh, that's not Phoebe!"

"Oh, yes, it's her," said Clara, the

being running down her face as she stroked one of the dead limbs.

Eleanor pulled at Clara's sleeve and said, with horror, "Don't touch it!"

Clara pulled herself free. "Don't drag me!" she said. "You go out!"

The inspector was carefully watching the scene, and from that moment, without any real evidence, he had suspicion of Eleanor. The newspapers later raked up the old story of "Ordered by touch." In ancient days, if a suspected person touched a corpse and the corpse bled, then the suspect was judged guilty.

Bannister took the two women back to the station, and asked some questions learned from Clara of Phoebe's visit to Eleanor, looked at the pale and shaken Eleanor, and remarked, "I think it desirable to search your lodging. I suppose you have no objection?"

The inspector gave the key to Detective Parsons and Sergeant Munsey and told them to get on with the job.

"I think I should be there," remarked Eleanor, and they agreed.

The policeman gave Eleanor back her keys and she opened up the house. She led the way outside and unlocked the front door. The two men saw nothing there to excite suspicion, as passed through to the kitchen. The blinds were drawn and would not work, making the room very dark. Munsey pushed one aside. Two window panes had been smashed and appeared to be bloodstained. There were also stains on the walls and ceiling.

Eleanor had not accompanied them into the kitchen. She stayed in the living room, sat down at the piano and began to play. Munsey went to her and asked about the stains on the kitchen. She didn't stop playing as he said, "Telling me! Telling me!"

Munsey was not a bit satisfied with that story, so he went out and telegraphed to Bannister, who soon showed up and led a thorough search. Eleanor gave up playing, dropped into an armchair and wheeled easily to herself. She had a heart for mother-as well!

The search was a good one. The treasure trove consisted of a blood-stained poker, two carving knives, one bloodstained, a black shirt and apron, which carried stains, although the apron had been washed, while some lace curtains had been found in a heap, also stained with gore.

Remember these objects, Bannister asked some questions. Eleanor stopped wheeking long enough to give unsatisfactory answers. So he arrested her for the "wilful murder of Mrs. Hagg and also on suspicion of the wilful murder of the teenage child of Mrs. Hagg." Eleanor told him he had made a great mistake, but she did not mind being arrested.

She was taken to the police station, formally charged, and found a cell where she could go on wheeking.

In the morning the police were awakened the district, and a constable named Bower, found the parakeeter at 10 1/2 West night standing against a wall in Hampton Terrace. Under a brown skin rug cover, he found a water-proof apron, a piece of string, and a piece of butter-milk. The gown was bloodstained and the handle broken.

Soon after, the body of the baby was found on some vacant land.

The jury found Eleanor guilty. Mr. Justice Danvers said "To be hanged by the neck till you are dead," the black-robed chaplain and "Amey," and Eleanor shuffled down out of the dock.

Later, in Newgate Prison, a mouse knotted about a long neck.

SUICIDE

with public aid

"PENGUPAS"



When a Malay runs "manak" he carves a way to his Paradise over hilled bodies pierced by a knife.

IN the days when opium smoking was a common habit among Chinese, it was not unusual for a condemned addict—who, through poverty, was no longer able to satisfy his insatiable craving for the drug—to take his own life by hanging himself from the limb of a convenient tree. In a fit of black despair, the Japanese may commit the traditional act of "hara-kiri" or cut himself into the center of a volcano. In both instances self-extension is achieved with simple accuracy.

Now when a Moslem of the Malay-

an archipelago contemplates suicide he usually does so in a violently spectacular fashion, and for all to see, he "runs smoke." The Malay is "manak-manak"—a term which is also applied metaphorically to anyone who flies into a violent rage.

The Malay who runs smoke deliberately courts death at the hands of others, thereby being spared the pain of self-destruction. And in his fanaticism he firmly believes that, by dying as many victims as possible before being killed himself, he is assured of entry into Paradise.

Many years ago the Philippine authorities were forced to take drastic measures to curb the all too frequent incidence of smokes by the fanatic Moslems, a proud and turbulent race of Muslims inhabiting Jolo and other islands of the southern group. When killed in the act of running smoke, or after execution of taking alive, the dead man was allegedly cast into a grave together with the carcass of a pig specially slaughtered for the occasion. This affront to Mohammedan superstitions, it is claimed, proved a powerful deterrent, and "manak" thereafter became confined to sporadic cases in which the murderer had been under real and grievous provocation.

At this time, as a young administrative officer in the service of the British North Borneo government, I was stationed at Lahad Duta, the coastal headquarters of the East Coast Residency. This part of North Borneo lies close to the South Philippine islands whence sea-faring Moslems came occasionally to trade.

At the incidence of smokes in the Philippines past then was alarmingly high, these fanatic Moslems were not discouraged to linger for long in any part of our territory. Nevertheless, somehow these fanatical influences found expression from time to time as a few isolated but typical cases of smokes by our own people. In one of the worst of these I myself was involved.

At noon one stifling September day, an uproar suddenly broke out in Lahad Duta's shopping center, then lay at the base of the hill upon which stood the government offices and constabulary barracks. Police whistles shrieked, the armed constabulary were hurriedly mustered, and we rushed down the hill into the town, but, through mistaking the entrance, her shouts of "Fire," I was armed

only with a light walking stick, and the police with nothing but their rotten lathes.

As we reached the main thoroughfare, the street, usually thronged at this time of day, was deserted but for three inert bodies sprawled on the roadway, while the panic-stricken crowd assembled on the narrow sidewalk. The din was deafening as the hysterical mob yelled and struggled, frantically trying to pass those who were now cowering inside the Chinese shops or standing fearfully in the half-open doorways.

For a second or two I stood in the middle of the road endeavoring to take in the situation, but before I could collect my wits, from a nearby side-street three suddenly shot into view a running man, asked for a white kerchief and a white turban placed his shaven head.

In a flash I realized that the man bearing down on my direction was an "arak," and as he rushed upon me with blood-stained "sarong" raised to strike, I dashed headlong across the road to the crowded sidewalk, among the madmen's strokes by inches.

Fortunately for me, the smokes, who had veered in pursuit, suddenly changed his mind and continued on what was his second run along the main street. And as I turned on seeking comparative safety I saw him run down a little Chinese girl who, in her panic, had run blindly from the sidewalk right across the smokes's path.

The unfortunate child was his fifth and last victim, for a moment later the smokes of a side was heard above the turmoil, one of my police (who had rushed back to the barracks for his carbine) had fired and brought the madman down. But the bullet, though entering the man's back, missed all vital parts, and he lived

IN Dupont, Georgia, in 1912,

Frank Smith was so fed up with being mistaken for other Frank Smiths that he saved his son from the state jail by christening him "½ Smith." Even names too now comes addressed "Mr. ½ Smith." But ½'s wife calls him "Wile!"

She knived at him more and more, the way foul-tempered and smouldering on every possible occasion, and she ended up by beholding him the home and refused to acknowledge his betrothal to her sister Emma.

Dulagan brooded darkly over this for several days, and coming as it did hard on the loss of his job, he became sunk in deep despondency. At length he resolved to end it all, he would kill both Emma and her accused sister, Laurena, and then run south to and his own confusion.

But his plan miscarried. The two girls saw him coming and fled into the mangrove swamp behind their house. To pursue and slay them there would, he knew, end up his own death or capture before he could take the lives of girls. So Dulagan turned away from his purpose, hurried back to the town and carried out the other part of his plan.

The events I have described show how little the reasons for a Mobster's suicide differ from those that actuate others who are driven to take their own lives. But whereas the latter do so, we suppose, in cold-blooded despair, the Mobster who runs south works himself up into a delirious state of ungovernable passion and lost to sleep. But his preparatory actions, notwithstanding, are calm, deliberate and methodically arranged.

He spends hours sharpening his killing knife, until its edge has the keenness of a razor. He shaves his head and bathes thoroughly last, undress, he is dressed admittance to Paradise. Whether actually devout or otherwise, he goes through a ceremony of praying at the village masjid.

Then preparations over, the mobster then greases his body with coconut oil from head to toe, the better to escape being captured alive. That done, he dons two lengths of new, un-

washed white cotton-wool as an all-embracing lion cloth, the other as a turban round his shaven head.

All is now ready, and he milks forth at a jog trot, his slithering "knee" on one hand, on the other a short rod of iron with which to ward off any chance blows. As further evidence of his deliberative preparations, the belt of each weapon is secured to the wrist by a loop of cord lest it should slip from his grasp and wreck his purpose.

With eyes glaring wildly, his head jerking furiously from side to side, the man strides down the main thoroughfare, alert for every threatening move against him. He holds the shining blade, with half-raised arm, the weapon expertly poised in a steady hand, menacing first one and

then another, then it flashes out unerringly at the dawning man select the underlapper directly at his murderous path.

Swift alarm follows the unexpected attack, sudden and unexpected, and all now scatter in scattering panic, while the availing uproar draws out the dying cries of early victims. The man is now panting with exertion, his teeth are bared from gashes at the corners of his wide-pursed lips, and beads of sweat burst through the oil to trickle down his face and glimmering limbs.

The bodies of half a dozen dead and dying lie grotesquely in his wake—but the mobster's own and is none. A rifle cracks once, then again—the man drops dead in his tracks . . . His purpose is achieved.

to be tried and hanged for murder.

At the trial the story behind the attack was, of course, unfolded in great detail. Dulagan (whom I killed at first to recognize with truth and shaven head) had been one of the natives crew who mounted the government steam launch.

He was a handsome young fellow with a mop of thick, curly hair of which he was very proud. But he was hot tempered and of a violent disposition, and a show of exasperation had brought about his instant dismissal a few days before he ran amok. There was, however, another more potent reason for his frustrated outbreak.

It transpired that Dulagan had been courting a beautiful young girl who lived with her older sister in the native village on the outskirts of the town. Unfortunately, the older woman coveted Dulagan for herself, but finding that he spurned her advances she turned upon him the fury of a jealous mother.



Tom
Hudson

THE END OF Arguments



Are flowers often available to scientists?

Indeed, we aren't joking! Before us or not—and we have experts to back us—it has been proved that if you are willing enough to sit a vase of geraniums close to a busy highway (George-Woogie seldom will please most), the flowers will gradually turn away from the music, so if the sound was too much for them (and we can't say we blame them, either) But that's not the least of it. Flowers have many other mechanisms in which they resist human beings. For example, flowers can catch cold from draughts; they can be stupefied by chloroform, and they can become intoxicated with alcohol (the mead).

Can You Read A Flower?

You certainly can . . . if you happen to go to Hollywood, anyway. Most screen-writers now so often wake up in shuddering cold sweats, haunted by the possibility of someone having the same nerve as the Villain hero in their latest novels. And those nightmares are so strong, so often justified . . . No filmmaker can ever be certain that someone will not claim that his name has been awarded to a more than usually reprehensible character and so threaten a lawsuit. One Hollywood studio, however, seems to have solved the problem . . . though the procedure may tend to lend a touch of accuracy to the last of characters. The studio's reply to potential blackmail is its corporation,

too, one Frank Josephson, who for the past 14 years has rented his name to the company as that to other "Frank Josephson" can bring an action. So far, Mr. Josephson's name has been tagged to screen divorces, dead bodies and a hard lot of the more disgusting types of degenerates. His private life, however, seems to flourish in a healthy and placid peace-fishness.

What's Chit at the Cow-Pun?

No! No! If you're about to bellow "Why, the hell, of course," you may as well stop your breath for the next time you have to beat one through the barbed wire. Scientists report that championship in the cow pun is a matter of who talks whom. After five year's close study of bovine behaviour, the experts claim that when two cows who do not know each other meet, they begin a betting duel. At the end, the winner establishes her social superiority for all time . . .

. . . and with it the right to butt the loser with or without offense and without any retaliation. The experts add that betting contests between cows always end in a draw (We shall take their word . . . without comment . . . on this). Such a social situation, however, was never observed among less class-conscious cows. And if you want to argue, you can just go out and be say with cows for five years. After that, we might condescend to debate with you.

world laughs with you



David

First you come to get those pictures



You think it's fun? Well, may be, but to these boys it is the pointless way to keep the kind of figure photographers will look at twice—then turn into an A-grade model and cover girl . . .



Don't think all models are catty, they're not. Have a complete colony of them help each other, and help each other keep fit, too! The free and easy hours on the beach are times of mental relaxation as well as of physical conditioning . . .



To you, Mr. Public, the model might be a girl who has Arrived—but among themselves models, too, have ambitions. Beauty is only the first rung of a long ladder; and these two beauties swap daydreams as they discuss what the next rungs are to be.

MYSTERIES OF THE SAHARA

When you flee to the desert you develop a delusion: It's one way you can stay sane.

ANDREW CONDON



Few people know that the wide open spaces can be more frightening than the darkest of jungles or the most sinister alleys in Harbelle and Chicago.

One of the most frightening places in the world is the Sahara Desert. The sounds of the desert are eerie and often inexplicable.

There are the magical and drumming sounds, especially in the sandhills and dunes of the Gambia district. Travelers have often been startled by the drumming, far off the world like half a dozen brass drummers beating wildly. Nobody has explained it satisfactorily yet.

The real mystery is a French expedition hopes to solve when it leaves for a three-year journey through the desert wastes until, sometime in 1954, it arrives in that mysterious and inaccessible city in the heart of Africa—Timbuktu.

The French have always been interested for exact knowledge of their vast African domain, and they are looking forward to the day when they can ride across the Sahara in a Pullman car, sipping cool drinks. Even then the trip will take four to five days; the track will be 1,000 miles long. When completed, outposts of Legionnaires will be stationed at in-

tervals along the road to protect it from Bedouins.

Mysteries happen in the Sahara every day, though few people are hear of them.

Six months ago, an entire platoon (30 men) of Legionnaires disappeared in the Sahara. No trace of them has been found and senior officers are convinced that as the command the Bedouins had nothing to do with it.

A handsome (and/or) might have wiped out the men. In a few hours a violent wind can build a sandhill hundreds of feet high and dig a hollow as deep.

Other Legionnaires simply disappeared. "The desert got 'em, that's all."

The French Government has several times tried to mark routes by placing concrete pyramids about 15 feet high at intervals of half a mile, but the sand covers them quickly and even on flat stretches one pyramid can seldom be seen from the previous one.

Desert buses carry only a dozen passengers. They have six sets of wide double wheels. They are able to climb the highest dunes and seldom bog in the soft sand. The drivers, generally natives, change sandhills with abandon, but accidents are rare.

It is not generally known that a Legionnaire exceeds upward for many thousands of feet, many a plane has found it impossible to get above it.

Experienced desert fliers carry sandbags, ropes and shovels. If they see a storm approaching they land quickly, anchor the plane with the sandbags, cover the engine, plug exhaust pipes and finally shelter in a trench with food and water until the storm passes.

But French police and military officers still want to know what happened to three fliers who landed before a storm last July. The plane

was sighted from the air next day and another plane was sent to investigate.

They found the landed plane quite undamaged, though empty. Yet there was no trace of its crew. The sand hadn't blown up very deeply. Nevertheless the crew roared the plane was thoroughly lost to make sure the missing men weren't buried. They haven't been seen since. Yet all three were without desert fliers.

Lawrence Budge, a British artist, was trying to paint a portrait in the desert in 1941, when he saw a huge figure standing towards him over the sand. The artist rose to greet the apparition, which turned out to be himself.

Desert experts put this sort of thing down to optical illusion, but Budge and others who have experienced it, say it's more than illusion. Men found wandering in the desert have spoken mysteriously about specters and shapes they have seen.

Imagination can play a mean trick, in the desert loneliness, eyes straining, thirst, scorching heat, trying to the margin much you can imagine anything.

The Bedouins, who lived in North Africa long before the coming of the Arabs, knew many of the desert's secrets, but are reluctant to reveal them.

The French expedition hopes to gain some of their lore.

Five white men have been inside a Berber home. A British Army colonel, Colonel E. K. Sinclair, is known to have entered one in 1945, but he didn't come out — not alive anyway.

The Bedouins could clear up many a mystery if they felt like it, but so far nobody has succeeded in making them feel like it. The new expedition, just made to be successful. It just might.

Crime Capsules



THE ART OF ALIBI . . .

Ah, alibi! They're current. Lumbered by justly irate gentlemen, Joseph F. Fleischer, of New York, told a story guaranteed to soften the hearts of even the most calloused of constabulary. Could Mr. Fleischer hearthrobly. "Four months ago, my wife walked out on me, leaving me to take care of my five kids. . . I turned on the alarm to get arrested so that I could get a lot of press and quiet." On the same domestic note, H. Leonard Boston, charged for "keeping a house in his room," confessed dolefully: "I was lonely." But perhaps the record-holder was a certain Mr. Clay Christoffersen, in the dock for stealing a Pennsylvania railway locomotive. Protested the accused Christoffersen: "I need the locomotive; I had to carry a message from General MacArthur to President Truman."

A MATTER OF MOTIVE . . .

Arrested for what he obviously considered the madnessness of "burning his wife," James Mackay, of Bromley (England) was deeply insulted by police displeasure at such a possibility. "Why," he protested indignantly, "I wasn't trying to kill her at all. . . It was just that money matters got me down." Meanwhile, Mrs. Floyd S. Simmons was appalled to be arrested on a charge of drunken

driving. "How unlucky can you be, love?" she wailed. "Jee! I was just celebrating by being let out of the cooler after serving seven months for driving under the influence!"

ASPECT ON LIFE . . .

Tapped by gentlemen whose he crunched on the sky-light of a building, Ed. Brennan, of Alabama (U.S.), was inclined to be sorry. "Ain't this a free world or ain't it?" he queried optimistically. "Can't a guy spend here and watch people go by from a viewpoint he prefers?"

INDEMAN ROAD-BOG . . .

Advised of "operating with his bare-down garbage truck" into the side of an appalled motorist, Herman Pentris, Detroit (U.S.) collector, refused to allow a smile on his character. "This here man," he explained, "always lets high speed to get home for supper."

DONOR DOMINIE . . .

In Cleveland (U.S.), Mrs. Chazy Sney called on schoolmaster James Forewick to protest against "a with look" and a "filthy-look" during which Mr. Forewick had allegedly inflicted on her son, Don (15). With two black eyes, facial cuts and a split lip, Mr. Forewick woeily dined for the son's room. Mrs. Sney promptly pulled him out and continued operations.

☆ Opposite: Study by Paul Klee



RAT TRAP

BY LORNON - PASTON

FOR FOUR DAYS AND NIGHTS OF HELL THEY HUNTED HIM THROUGH DARK, DECAYING CELLARS OF THE WATERFRONT.

HE crouched flat on his stomach in the dark den behind the packing-aisle and peered through a crack in its crumbling planks at the men who were waiting to kill him.

He breathed softly, hardly breathed at all; every muscle remained motionless as the snarling eyes roared—of blood and the split, snarling fangs darted back and forth in rising fury as it searched for a way to escape.

He was big. His shoulders and back bristled with bristled muscles of great power. He was proud of that power.

But this was something new to him, this thing that had been crouching in concealment, about to move—yes, about—and for the first time uncertain what to do next . . .

For despite his ruthlessness in leadership, his secret methods of dealing with a gangster in his socks or a novel to his position, he had always been too wise to risk being traced by allowing any sort of violence "on the job." The rats were traced perfectly—a long period of observation first, a note of the

time when the store to be visited would be deserted, and then a sudden swing in the darkness. If all went well—and it usually did—the staff was carried off in silence and distributed from the old warehouse where the gang met. If there was a hitch somewhere they simply vanished to well-scattered hiding places.

He had prided himself on the smooth-working system. Many months had been spent in preparing these hideouts and in becoming perfectly familiar with every inch of the approaches to them. By the time the men were ready to start on a big work, each one of them was ready to "disappear" should they be disturbed at work.

The system had been perfect, and he kept it that way by strictly forbidding any active resistance should the gang be "caught in the act." Whether they liked it or not, they were to drop everything and take to the routes of escape then their know-

The man who was waiting to kill moved closer, rifle ready for the fugitive.



"Young women of elegant lineage, beautiful as Helen of Troy; eastern as the Chinese Loretta; witty as Mimi, deviously devoted as Florence Nightingale, considered as a genius restoring sugar, desirable as Dr. Hamard; lovable as Ish Madam; with voice of an angel; an artistic soul; and a splendid fortune, famous correspondents were met!"—
 Ad, in Personal Column of Berlin Newspaper.

Was, no hole?

no wall. He was too wise not to know that, powerful though the gang was, it could never be a match for the combined forces of society which surely would be concentrated against it if violence and bloodshed were included in its activities.

Of course, there had been a few among the gang who were foolish enough to object to absolutely running away; most of them were the ambitious ones who would have liked to take his place.

One by one their broken bodies had been found floating in the dark waters of the East River. The boss tolerated no rivals.

And so everything had gone smoothly for nearly three years, with the gang following such fabulous make-*off* with an even better one, and with the authorities completely baffled by the policy—dictated by his own nature—of operating in different areas each time. The headquarters in the old warehouse remained unguarded and unvisited on one well-stocked store after another was "worked over."

Everything had gone smoothly until that night.

He awoke suddenly as the man who was waiting to kill him moved—just it was only to shift to a more comfortable position. He released again slightly as the man leaned back against the wall, his rifle held in the crook of his arm, watching where the fugitive might eventually come out.

But the fugitive had made his decision; he would wait for daylight, which must be soon now. In the dim daylight which filtered into the warehouse he would make a perfect target for the officer sitting at it, away—and even if he got past this man, the place was completely unguarded, he knew. He had heard the screams and shots as, one by one, those of the gang who had been trapped in the warehouse with him had panicked and tried to break through. They didn't have a chance. He could see the bodies of three of them even, with the blurred vision afforded by the crack in the partition-wall.

That night—that hellish night—had been responsible for it all. His teeth curled back in a snarl of frustration they as he thought of it. The well-organized raid, the burning activity in the deserted store, and his own decision to probe alone among the rooms at the front near the street, where he might find the really high-quality stuff.

Then the sudden stab of light blinding him as the nightwatchman burst through the door, leaving a gun as he came—the terrible realization that his only way of escape was to break his own iron rule and attack.

He and the rest of the gang had "umped—but only temporarily. The intense heat for them started next day, as he had known it would when he flew at the watchman.

There had been the four days and

months of hell as the entire district was combed by scores of armed officers with bloodhounds. There had been the morning terror as his escape routes were discovered one by one.

And then they had arrived, early in the afternoon, and he and the other principal members of the gang had been surrounded, trapped, and sent by one the others had been shot down as they went away with fear.

And now he was alone, crouched in the gathering shadows, waiting for the darkness which would make him the equal of the armed squadrons who would not dare come after him around the confusion of the parking cars, but who would wait and hope that panic would drive him into the open.

But he would wait, yes, yes, he would wait in vain. For the lone soldier looked now that he was safe where he was—and when the darkness came he would rush the officer and break through to take his chance with the carmen in the open.

He moved slightly as one of the huge police dogs solemnly bayed him gray, battle-scarred faces such as he clenched teeth as he thought of the dog, he had no day of taking his chance with these stupid, slow-moving apartment-men would be a better shot that would stop him once darkness set in. But he feared the dogs. And he feared them.

Suddenly he raised his hand, and the black eyes were pained. For the trespasser was breathing steadily to back away, rifle at the ready.

Suddenly, with a surge of horror, he knew why the man had moved away. A heavy object headed with a third set was then from his hiding place, and even as he showed terrified eyes upward to see that it had

been dropped through a broken skylight, several flames sprang his controls. He fought desperately to overcome his wild terror as the air about him took on a gray tinge and the glowering flaming flames lit his lungs and eyes.

Then with a squeal of terror he flung away from the parking-car and dashed for the door.

He had dashed against it and forced it open a little, and he staggered into the blinding rays of the setting sun. Two shapes dashed into the wall beside him. He screamed with fury and frustration as, through a red mist, he saw the man closing in with their rifles and beams of wood. He grinded his teeth and prepared in the fighting—and they released the dogs.

The huge beasts bounded across the square, teeth bared beneath red eyes. The police dog whined down in front of him as he hurried himself behind the back of his head and crawled the top of his spine.

The heavy-footed dogmen, in the long gray dust coat above the other dogs away, and sharply slipped the wily little terror which was still growling as it shook the object in its mouth.

"Drop it, Danny, drop it! Good boy," said the man in the gray coat. The tall, white-haired nightwatchman with the white bandages on his right forearm and fingers walked over, and together the two men looked at the limp body on the footstep.

"Broken that's the one that had a go at you?" asked the fireman.

"That's him alright. Biggest wharf rat I ever saw. Must be two feet long. Hell, look at his teeth! No wonder he made such a mess of my arm. You Health Department blokes ought round up these pests more often—they put too damned sleepers."

THE

SILENT

PARTNER

SHE LOOKED THE MOST RESISTANT AND BAIT-CON/CRAB GIRL

IN THE WORLD . . . SO SHE EVER EXPECTED SUCH SCREAM

PAUL WARREN GRAHAM • FICTION

RYAN heard the door open and shut above him, but waited until he knew she was on the stairs before looking up. She was peered at a stippled sheath of beige which clung snugly to her body. She neither looked nor looked at him. She was smiling. She was Lisa.

At the foot of the stairs, she peered, her head lifted. She peered to display herself. But at last, she allowed her eyes to meet his for the first time.

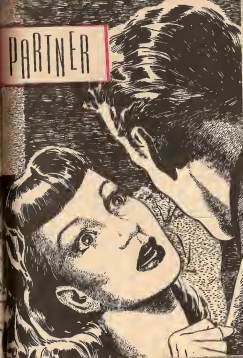
Lisa was so absorbed in herself and in the effect of her entrance that she had almost reached Ryan before she noticed his clothes; he was wearing a leotard suit.

"What on earth—?" she began.

"Going somewhere, Lisa?" he asked.

"Are you trying to be funny?" she snapped back, pale with anger. "The hell—You're not going to try and tell me you're forgiven about it."

"I know it's on, of course. I'm not



A MUSICAL-COMEDY actress no longer in her first youth joined a touring company. Business was not particularly good, and the temper of the company suffered accordingly. There came a knock at the "lady's" door.

"There's a lady in front who'd very much like to see you. She says she was a friend of yours when you were at school. Shall I show her in?"

From the corridor came the voice of a pretty slender girl. "What her is?"

very interested, though."

"YOU'RE not interested," she spluttered, taking a step closer to him. "Now that's rich. And what about me — am I supposed to be on my own?"

He told her, "I didn't ask you to it, you know—my dear."

"Of course you did, you ask me to everything."

"Not this one, I purposely didn't."

Her lips quivered uncontrollably. "This is some kind of joke you're playing, I'll be the laughing stock of New York."

He agreed with her happily, "Of your New York—yes."

She cried out petulantly, "You sure you mind not, everyone knows you did and why would you be here tonight if you didn't?"

"I came to my mother's."

All at once she seemed to gain control of herself. "You've been drinking," she accused in a dignified voice. "You'll be sorry for this."

Ryan said, "Goodbye, Lisa," and started for the door.

Flustered, she followed him, running, and caught him by the arm. "You might at least explain."

"All right," he explained, removing her hand. "We just that I've finally admitted to myself what you are."

"Oh?"

"You have a name for your kind,

Lisa, it's not a very nice name."

"You afraid I don't follow you," she said weakly and kept up with him as he started along the sidewalk.

She was profoundly distressed and as that moment, he came over to kiss her. It was a hard time since Ryan had liked Lisa; he had merely wanted her. He went on. "You know what a name is, Lisa?"

"I imagine," she answered, a little stiffly, "that you're complaining about my having a few morals—because my husband's out of bounds."

Ryan shook his head in the darkness. "You get that sort of a girl usually, if I'm attracted to a woman, I make a pass at her sooner or later. If she wants to meet me, that's fine; if she says, 'No,' that's her right and I respect her for it."

"Well then, I'm just a woman who's met 'Re' up to now."

Ryan laughed bitterly. "Oh, no, you're the third kind of woman—the kind that's worse than any other. You're the woman who thinks it amusing to flatter her and continually — to keep her victims lured up and excited."

She said nothing immediately, she knew it to be true. More than anything else she was worried because a knock with Ryan would be embarrassing, after all it was really some-

thing to have HIM to escort her around.

"Now you know," he said and whistled shrilly. A cab slowed and swung in towards the curb. "There's no point in your waiting any further, Lisa."

A pause struck her. "Ryan, you can't go off like that."

But he was already entering the cab. "Kater's Bar," she heard him tell the driver before the door slammed, waving him from her. She stood there, alone in the warm darkness and tried to collect her thoughts. After a while she started to walk back in the direction from which she had come.

She had covered about half the distance when another cab came into sight. Lisa made up her mind and stopped, waiting on to the roadway to halt it.

"Kater's Bar."

It was just like any of the bars in that area — a loud, noisy room in which the juke box near the dance floor.

Lisa walked through the door brightly. For once she did not worry about the effect of her entrance. But Lisa was not a woman who could walk anywhere without drawing stares. Appreciative whistles greeted her.

Her eyes roamed, searching, but she could not see him anywhere; he must have changed his mind and gone somewhere else. Lisa went to the bar.

"Whooooo, honey?" asked the bartender, a full-jawed man of Italian appearance.

She said, "Do you know Ryan Matheson?"

"Sure I know him," affirmed the bartender in a happy voice.

"You expecting him?"

"I guess he'll be in some time tonight. Say—I know you, you're the dame he's been trailing around with."

"Give me something to drink, will you?"

"Scotch, sir?"

"I'll leave it to you," she told him anxiously.

The fellow reached behind him for bottles, offered to be asked the drink. "You know honey—the bar is sort of responsible for someone like you. If you'll take my advice, you'll leave your drink, then go back where you're come from."

"I'm waiting for Ryan," she said with fumes.

He put the glass in front of her and shrugged. "All right. But don't go making any trouble in here."

She stared at him angrily. "Do I look as if I would?"

He smiled and took out a cigarette. "You seem just exactly where belong, you know this is a place where you're as right to be and then you start getting stomped up because guys think you're here for the same reasons as the other chicks."

Someone slid a coin into the juke-box and it started to play, "Swanee Dancer." In the mirror behind the bartender's head, Lisa could see two couples move out on to the floor and begin to dance, jerkily like marionettes.

"No, Lisa," announced the bartender, watching her from the glass.

"Well then, Lisa," Lisa instructed. "Tell that again for me—and I'll love a cigarette."

"It may be here before your boyfriend shows up," he said, holding the pack of cigarettes towards her, then making a dash.

"Then you'll have to keep me around," she smiled in the way that had started so many men. "What's that fellow near the juke box?"

She was talking about a man who had just entered. He wore a dark

His suit and a darker blue shirt that contrasted the strongest pallor of his face. He was strikingly handsome.

"That's Ben, he comes here to listen to the music. He doesn't get much other amusement out of life."

"He's very attractive," mused Lora, staring on the second drink.

"To look at—yes," admitted Elio, then added, "What until I've served those people along there and I'll tell you about him."

In the mirror, she saw the stranger fumble in a pocket, then bring out coins. He chose one, put it into the machine and collected another record. The music ended, but after only a second's break the new disc swung on to the turntable, it was a tango. The man rocked slightly on his back to its rhythm.

Elio was back. He filled her glass again and began, "Ben's dance. He was in the Navy during the war—in destroyers. A ship he was in got

badly shot up and Ben was wounded. The wounds you could see healed on all right, but something happened in his mind and they haven't been able to do anything about that. His speech went too. So now he just roars in a loud tone, hearing all right, but not understanding much of what he hears. He tries to answer but he can't; all he can manage is a sort of grunt."

"Yet he likes music?"

"Yes. Likes to dance too, but he doesn't get much chance."

"Why not?" she wondered.

"The girls say a little frightened of him, I guess he's harmless, poor guy, but there it is."

Lora glanced towards the door, she had already lost interest in the dumb man and his story. She was watching for Ryan.

But another hour had gone before he came and by that time, Lora had enjoyed more glasses. Ryan was not slow, he was accompanied

by a girl who was very much like the other girls in Kahn's Bar.

"Don't you go starting anything," pleaded Elio.

She passed a cigarette out on the bar and whispered furiously, "I'll show him."

Without another word, she stood up and crossed restlessly towards the juke box where the strange man still stood rocking. On the way she brushed in front of Ryan and her companion, but pretended not to hear his startled exclamation.

The music stopped at the reached Ben's side. There was a heart look on his face.

Lora said in her commanding voice, "Hello Ben. Would you dance with me?"

The wonderful pale face purred to look down at her, a small bewilderment puckering his forehead.

She said, "What's the matter Ben? Ryan got a change?" She held out

some nickels and smiled. "Look, Ben, mine."

The eyes dropped to the coins, then returned very slowly to her face. Then the worry slipped away and a smile took its place—a gentle, shy smile as he took one of the nickels from her. Lora longed to look at Ryan, but she forced herself not to.

Ben pushed the money into the slot and moved to choose a number. She stopped him quickly. "No, Ben — let me choose it; I want something nice and slow for this."

He stared at her hand, like a white butterfly on his great wrist. Then it fluttered away towards the rows of red buttons. The music started.

"Well, Ben," she demanded impetuously when he only stood there. Seeing that he didn't understand, she caught his sleeve and tugged.

The music returned to her face. Groggily, he placed a hand in the swell of her back and they moved out



as to the floor. They were dancing.

After a few steps the band on her back hardened into steel. He gave a little grunt that was almost, but not quite a word. Lani had never had a partner like this—one who did not listen to the beat so much as feel it.

She was swept easily into steps she did not know and did not need to know; it was as though she was gripped by a force that was completely unaware of her existence. It thrilled her, but at the same time frightened her. Ben was the perfect partner that every woman imagined dancing with. Yet that silent strength! Still, it would serve her purpose. By the time the disc had played itself out, Ryan would be so furiously jealous that she would have him back where she wanted him. 'A something more' he had called her. All right then, she would tease him.

She suddenly wanted to sing; how perfect it was, the great dumb Ben who was so wrapped in the music that he would not know what she was doing.

They dipped low, she thought her back would break. Then a simple quicker turn brought them into a position from which she could see Ryan Perfect, he was staring at her with mouthful eyes, his posture apparently frozen. Now was the time.

Deliberately, she squirmed against Ben, then straddled on her toes to lose his check. He did not seem to notice it, but she knew Ryan had. She did it again. Ben danced on, feeling the music. Again she caught a glimpse of Ryan—half out of his chair now and flushed.

Never had she enjoyed herself so much; he would be coming towards her soon to talk her out of the place, and once he did that, she would have him. Once he came back she'd have

him. To-night she would be as seductive as only she could be and he'd never again have the strength to try and escape. He would pay for to-night's result.

Someone was walking alongside the dancers. But it wasn't Ryan. It was Eric. "They're not so funny," he was saying.

"Get away," teased Lani. Furious "Ben doesn't mind."

She noted her earlier efforts, forever against Ben, brushing with her hip. There she! She was teasing Ryan now.

Quite suddenly, the big fellow man—danced a step. She had just kissed him full on the mouth and as she did it, it had almost seemed—

She did it again and to her horror she realized that she had not enjoyed it. His lips had quivered slightly in an answer. He missed a step again. He was dancing—well still, but no longer wonderfully. Oh no! She had to get away from him; this strange creature had lost his charm—now and had become just another man.

"I have to go now," she whispered, trying to pull away. But he danced on, hailing her close to him. The night became a terror.

"Ryan," she called out. But Ryan could not leave her broken, distracted with the realization, he had paid his bill and gone.

"Ryan," she called again in vain.

The music ended, but the dumb man did not let her go.

"Ben, it's over," she informed him shakily.

The strange open man bent and seemed to darken and grow larger. He grinned in a different way.

Then as his hands moved, slowly, sensuously, he began to dance.



"I can't exactly describe her. But the women say 'Bull' and the men say 'Ah!'"

"Away from it all"

by Gibson



When your nerves are on edge and the rattle and bang of the city reaches an unbearable crescendo . . .

Go buy yourself a drawing and painting outfit



Arise before the dawn and revel as far away from people and the city as you can . . .

Find the sublimate point . . . set yourself up



And you'll be surprised at the result . . .

A more amusing way of using art as a hobby is drawing from life . . . This is quite economical. A shop I know took this up two years ago and is still using his original sketch book and pencil.



STRANGER and Stranger



MOO IN THE BROW

An English news column reports that a Shetland cow, which had gone missing for 18 days, was recently struck from the Lost-and-Found Columns. Despite the blood-soaked findings of exhausted search parties, the hapless beast finally emerged under her own steam . . . from what must have been the appalling (and probably confused) remains of a hog-stick. Most feasible reconstruction of the happening is that Strawberry chewed her way so far that the stick collapsed and held her fast; only when other cattle had passed farther portions from the stick, did Strawberry stagger once more into the light of day. It had not been revealed whether Strawberry continued to absorb further words within her hollow parody or whether she was content merely to chew what by that time must have been her very single end.

A NIP OF NYLON

Now don't panic, you poppet! But we might as well warn you that the latest thing in the home wardrobe is the "nylon wine bottle." The practice has been born by those knowledgeable wine-bibbers, the French. For years, in the French Army, the humble "pelle"—"the poor, bloody pellets," to you—has mutated on a daily basis of half a litre of wine regardless of circumstances and general slaughter. The consequent deterioration in the Quar-

termasters' Staff could not fail to give the High House formerly to think. At last, however, the problem has been solved. Experts have discovered a method of condensing wine. This condensed wine is placed in nylon containers which hold about 150. When these nylon containers are immersed in wine, they produce six litres of wine which is said to lose nothing of its flavor or its value.

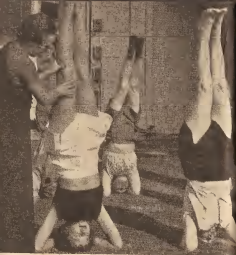
FOR BROWN BOWERS

It's not so long ago since, in 1891, another era in law-breaking was opened at Tisbury (England), when one Walter Arnold was fined for using a "horseless carriage" without a permit and without a man with a red flag preceding it. The luckless Mr. Arnold was the first of the multitude of racing motorists but even the most alarmist of Jeds could not, on the day of the arrest, have dreamed that 40 years later his successors in Britain alone would be paying more than £100,000,000 a year in taxation and another £100,000 in fines.

PAGING LOVERS' LANE

A U.S. firm claims that it has produced the brightest light the world has yet seen. It generates about 3,000 million candle power. It will—on the inventor's claim—be perfect for lighthouses, for illuminating sports arenas and for all kinds of outdoor work at night . . .

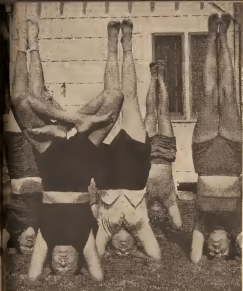




RED HOT HEALTH

"Ashta" is the newest Hollywood craze. It is the way to health, happiness and old age, via yoga exercises taught by Indira Devi, who taught this highway to good health in India and Shanghai for 12 years before going to Hollywood three years ago . .

52 CAVALLADE, June, 1952



If you have taken Ashta seriously enough you might hold this pose for half an hour. 22 minutes indicates a fair performer and 4 minutes is the new amateur's bare minimum. Max Devit will stand through the trials and help beginners get the right pose so that it will be easy in future . .

CAVALLADE, June, 1952 53



The "fish pose" (below) relaxes muscles, strengthens back and nerves, and may be held for up to three minutes. Miss Davis gives laborer expert advice on the "backing chair" exercise called "the bow." Hands grasp ankles and shoulders rock back and forth on their stomachs, excellent for relieving



EYE-WASH . . .

Can your eyes be taken out and scamped? And there's absolutely no need to avert bloody woods on the subject of brain inventors of derring-do questions! As a matter of fact, the belief—fantastic though it seems—is widely believed. Medical records present an appalling list of bullies who are ready to take any oath that it has actually happened to them. We do not wish to be good-natured, but we must report that those self-elected medical prodigies are just plain liars. Of course, it is not possible to scrape eyes, and there is no reason for wanting to do it if it were possible. Explanation of the legend? In minor eye operations the retrovirus may touch the cheek; and this cold impact has probably started the "old wives' tale."

ARM AND TON . . .

According to a New York news magazine, a newly-invented electrical arm is the nearest thing yet to a magical arm. The arm, powered by a tiny motor and controlled by the foot, permits amputees—even those without arm stumps—to stretch, lift, place, write, unlock doors, light cigarettes, etc., without any awkwardness. Two tiny pneumatic bladders placed under the amputee's toes "act as the steering wheel." By exerting toe pressures on the bladders, the

user has six simple signals of simple and simultaneous motions. The mechanical power is directed by the toe signals to the desired part of the arm or hand. There is no interference with normal walking. The arm requires no muscular training or special skill.

ANTI-ATOM . . .

Glasses that protect the eyes against X-ray and neutron radiation, of atomographers, reactors and even atom bombs, have been developed through research directed by Dr. Alexander Silverman, head of Pittsburgh (U.S.) University's department of science. The world's first neutron-absorbing glass contains cadmium tungstate with fluorine. Glasses of this glass are expected to guard against catastrophes caused by accidental exposure to gamma beams which have affected several mammals in past years. People presently might wear such glasses if an atomic bomb attack is expected.

WALKING BLOOD BANKS . . .

Citizens of Chicago (U.S.) are to have their blood-typed tattooed below their left ankles. The plan—which calls for voluntary tattooing—is designed for protection to the people in the event of massy bombing. The identifying mark will be about three-eighths of an inch long; the process of tattooing will be virtually painless.

FANTASTIC Footprints on Time's Sand

JOHN ADAM



What big feet left those 15-inch giveaways high up in the Himalayas?

PHOTOGRAPHS of footprints of "Snowmen" at high altitudes brought back recently by British leaders of a Himalayan expedition, Eric Shipton, started something of a storm in the scientific domain.

British Museum authorities claimed emphatically that they were those of a Languan monkey, whose feet measure up to 10 inches.

Himalayan peasants, however, insist on calling the creatures the "Aghomahki Snowmen." They believe it means ancient deities to look

at one. They say the female is larger than the male and does the work; that the female calls the male if he is unwilling—and sometimes ate him anyway.

Meanwhile, Shipton himself is unconvinced. He says, "I believe we are on the verge of a great discovery because the footprints were too high up for them to be those of monkeys."

Which leaves the question open for considerable scientific mystery. But, consider.

Something very similar happened in

the Sixteenth Century and it still troubles a bit of bone-shoveling among anthropologists. When the Spanish expedition led by Magellan in 1520 landed in the southern portion of South America, they found enormous footprints in the sand.

One of the party exclaimed in Spanish "Que gigantes!" (What big-footed people!), and there it came about that the reason was called "Pata-gana"—a name which has persisted to the present day; sometimes it is called the "Land of the Giant"—which brings up the question of the stature of the Indians.

Magellan's chronicler-in-chief, Pantoja, describes the first Indian met: "He was so tall that we reached only to his waist, and he was well proportioned. . . . As the night dawned up and down his feet sunk a palm into the ground. . . ."

A legend was being built.

The next story about the "giants" came from Dutch explorers, William Cornelissen Sherten, who landed in Patagonia in 1682. Sherten writes: "Upon the highest part of the hills, we found some burying places which were houses of stones; we pulled the stones off from one of them and found men's bones of 10 and 12 feet long. . . ."

Then Charles Darwin, in the moments of Evolution, visited Patagonia about a hundred years ago.

In his book about the voyage of H.M.S. Beagle, he describes the natives as the tallest he had met, averaging about six feet.

And anthropologists haven't yet made their minds up as to whether or not giants ever existed in Patagonia, but it is believed that a race of exceedingly tall people really lived there.

But are the scientists deluding themselves?

Since the well-dressed Indians of the Sixteenth Century wore foot-wear consisting of moccasins of gunnys or seal hide—as do their modern counterparts—perhaps the mystery of the curious footprints could be explained on this whimsical basis.

To-day it is difficult to tell. A study of the Indians reveals many bizarre customs—but no Number 15 feet.

The Indians of Patagonia, like those of other South American countries, had migrated southwest from North American stock, which originally had come from Asia by way of the Bering Strait. The main tribes are the Tehuelches (south west), Aucasenes (east west), Pehuenches (north west), Patagons (east west), and the Pampas (west west).

The Tehuelches are the tallest among the tribes, and pure strains are still to be found in the valleys adjoining the Andes.

Until early in the twenties, the Indians were the sole masters of their wild domains in the far south, but white men had only settled in a few places along the coast where ships occasionally called.

In appearance the Indians are well proportioned, have thick wavy hair, reddish brown complexion, but lack the breadth of nostril characteristic of more primitive races.

Marriage is probably an easier arrangement in Patagonia than elsewhere—outside Brazil. There is no tribal compulsion—the boy freely selects his mate, and when he accepts presents in return, the deal is sealed.

Although there is no limit placed on the number of wives, the average modern Indian feels that two are about as many as he can handle—which is still saying something.

Immortality is not a social problem among the Indians, though contact with the white man's more heady drinks has created one.

Public life is also characterized by somewhat approaching mid-Victorian standards, modest behavior, for example is still forbidden.

Both sexes have the cosmetic upper lip, the permanent warts of the area make some form of fur hat and face lotion imperative. In cosmetics, red is the basic preferred, black is the shade for war paint with a touch of white under the eyes. Here again, the men take it easy as the women have to do the fighting.

Earlier writers, including Darwin, claimed that a unique form of cannibalism was practiced by the natives on Terra del Fuego. According to reports, the Indians held an annual feast which consisted to a kind of elimination of the old people.

The participants assembled under a small thatch, tree selected for the occasion. Having hunted the old people on to some of the branches, the men below shook the tree violently until some of the old men and women fell to the ground like over-ripe apples. Immediately the cannibals possessed on them and the victims were killed and roasted for eating.

The remaining old people who were strong enough—or lucky enough—to hang on, were allowed to come down and join in the feast. A year later when the fire arrived again, they were once more hoisted up and the same performance repeated.

In spite of evidence furnished by Darwin regarding the unique feast—which incidentally fitted in with his own theory about the survival of the fittest—later investigators claim that cannibalism has never been practiced.

Others maintain that "where

there's smoke there's fire."

Apart from the allegations of cannibalism eating human flesh, horse flesh is the principal item on the Indian menu; tuberoses roots and wild vegetables are also included. They are not platoon-like modern American efficiency experts, when necessary they "prefer to work rather than eat."

Both men and women prefer pipe smoking; sometimes children of three or four get a white Mustang of tobacco and native herbs are favoured and continual chewing with certain feathers is part of the ritual.

Home making and playing and gambling are the chief amusements. Dice are of the bone-made variety, but nowadays modern dice have replaced the tribal type. The Indians are not players and when games are high, they bet horses, maddies and other prized personal possessions.

The office, of which doctor is not hereditary—but is decidedly hereditary. He is expected to combine the functions of a fortune teller, wizard and medicine man, failure to predict correctly means death.

Death of an Indian has far-reaching consequences. All big dogs and other animals are killed, ornaments and hunting weapons are placed in a heap and burned. The meat of the dead horse is distributed among relatives.

The body is sewn up in a mummy in a sitting position and buried facing the east; a cairn of stones is then erected over the site and the death is never again mentioned.

Unlike most natives no religious festivals are observed. The new moon has a significance for fertility rites, but there is no sun worship and so on.

And nobody seems to be worshipped as The Great Big Foot.

Still, there may be another explanation. If the ancient captives did hap-

pen "game," there is nothing to say that these monsters were not cannibals.

Some of the early pioneers of Patagonia longed about their diets of putrid maddies and weak-and-having traps when they used to chase the Indian women in shameless and pick them off like ducks.

Typical of the cruelty of the early days was that of a rancher whose sheep were economically supplementing the horse flesh diet of the Indians.

Finally a party was arrested and to celebrate the murder killed the whole tribe to a "feast" to celebrate. A harvest of wine was tapped to help off the show and everybody made merry—but not for long.

The rancher had put supplies into the wagon. A whole tribe was wiped out, not even the babies escaping the "purge."

It was most efficient, comparatively painless . . . if you weren't too human.

SUBURBAN NIGHTS

By CLYDE WILLIAMS



"I WENT UP TO TRED STEVEN, WE LAST TO LEAVE THE PARTY, DESCRIBED SOME SUBJECTS WHO WERE AND A CONSIDERABLE WHOLE THE REST OF THE CHAUGHT TO BE. THAT HE REALIZED THAT HE WAS SOME ONE ELSE'S CAT AND SOME ONE ELSE HAD SOME OFF WITH HIS

A confidante of the Press strikes
crackpots, squanders, rogues, goons
... and witty rogues like Cleary.

CEDRIC R. MENTIFLAY



such interesting people!

IT'S a standard conversational gambit—always has been, ever since the first daily editors let the streets know of almost any sort of a social gathering, see? The hostess stammers you over to a pop-eyed, twittering little left-of-the-party and pushes you to the right. The last lights up all over with synthetic cheeks, and—You sat yourself? Well for ^{the}! Here a corner:

"Oh, no you're a journalist? Ed just came to be a journalist, Mr

Melluginnump? You must meet such interesting people!"

Maybe she wonders why you turn away, muttering to yourself and chewing the remains of some cocktail glass. Maybe she doesn't, for she is schooled in the belief, as they all are, that all journalists are chronic malcontents, slightly off-kilter, and in general most unkind characters. She has seen all the pictures of Hollywood's mine-baiting, hat-wearing, advice-eating apocryphal politicians

since "The Front Page," and your Press man is plainly showing.

So we meet people. Interesting? Well, I've been in the game twenty years, and I still don't know.

The people you read about in the papers are interesting because they've had "the treatment." That's our job. No, there's no falsification involved, merely a careful editing, a dumping of the dross. Even the dullest person may sparkle occasionally — and make news when he does.

People tend to fall into sharply defined and repeating classes as soon as we declare ourselves. There's the crackpot, who may believe he's anybody from the original Napoleon to the murderer of the latest unidentified corpse. There's the peddler of hot news the reward at a price that would purchase three Members and two Senators. There's the man who can't be quoted, and the "notable public figure" (you've never heard of the guy) who must be quoted in full. And there's the diva who shows publicity—and who goes like O! Men River when he finally allows himself to be covered.

Business types, eh? But they all scream in the news strill hey, bless 'em, when they read the next day's paper. "Miserables! Twisted! Villainous! Woe! They said it, just as we took it down—but they were just telling words, and here it is in small type, depressingly permanent. The Boss won't like it at all. Curse the Press!"

Under these circumstances an ambassador and a merry round about the same, if you ignore the woman-like, the size doesn't matter. Before very long the chronic squander becomes well known to every journalist—but it's our job, and we've got to stay with them. One of the worst I have ever known, and surely the most press-conscious of all. He

late Majesty's representative, was a Governor-General, although not of Australia.

That fellow really had the game down, up. His honeyed phrases spilled into prose like a never-ending tide, because he ordered it that way. He was one of the "all or nothing" class, with the implied threat that if "nothing" was the verdict the paper concerned would miss out on the most important official presentation. An avowed flatterer and show-show operator, he insisted that every great containing his pearls of wisdom should be submitted to him personally before publication!

Cleary? Well, maybe not—but I have known others of my kind in an office, while the Great Man shaped some of his remarks about Berlin-like hours.

Sometimes his reaction was so positive that heads rolled on the reporting staffs. Journalists used to knock out in a cold sweat when they saw their names printed in against the dreaded arrangement.

Once a senior man, a tough member of the board, covered a suburban Governor-ship at which the Governor-General appeared and delivered an apparently off-the-wall oration. The reporter next the show the run he thought it deserved. That night, on request to an important situation, a proof was sent to Governor-General House. Back it came in quick time, heavily penciled. On the margin were the words "I think this young man would be better employed in another agency of occupation!" The Vice-Royal signature followed.

Funny? Well, as it happened, it was. The reporter concerned was about the best man on the staff, so he didn't suffer—but it could have meant the ruination of a young man.

Still, there are exceptions.

I've met quite a few of the world's great men, and only one of them seemed to measure up to his reputation. His name, by the way, was Churchill. The steersman-well, somehow or other they seemed to be playing a part, or, rather, to be over-playing it, as ham actors do. I think there should be a sort of Oscar-awards awarded annually to the "bravest, manly" who gives the most impressive of himself.

From world figures to crackpots is a change of pace, but they have much in common, though the crackpots are slightly more predictable.

One of them hooked me up one day for a couple of hours with a cunning little weapon made of razor blades embedded in cork.

I was sitting on the huge, empty newspaper seats of my paper, an evening daily, when he came on. The other blades had shot through to the corner pub, so it was late on a hot summer afternoon. I was concentrating on some Saturday supplement eggs when I became aware of an odd smell. It seemed compounded of old clothes, unwashed bodies, and embarrassing fluid. I looked up—and there was Clancy.

He started with a glowing account of my qualities as a writer and philosopher, and let me for a moment. No one. A slightly longer spell, ending with some light-hearted abuse, and he appealed for a favor. My resistance hardened. In any case, the man was pattering all over like a Chilean mangle-dancer, though he wasn't nearly as photogenic. Another year slowly and he'd have been climbing up the wall. Anyway, I didn't have a favor.

Clancy lowered his sights again. One little quid, then, for an honest old bastard-down, fargin'. Ten bob I want on with my work. When I looked up again he was practically

parting my hair with his closed fist. He was tall and thin, but in no shape for a fight, and I told him so. I also suggested he get to hell out of the office before I wanted his ear.

He plucked a bit. His eyes looked queer, the whites bloodshot and the pupils milky. I had another good look at his fist. It was opened just sufficiently to display the edges of half a dozen blades. I know about those. In an alley downtown a couple of nights previously a man had tried to death after an acquaintance with just such a weapon. My throat felt suddenly dry and very vulnerable.

He started to talk again, quite loudly, going back over his early days and struggles, one at two here often, a session at the Old Bailey. It was wonderful novel material, you understand, but I wasn't listening very hard. I have one eye on the door, my left hand under me for a quick dive.

But Clancy's eyes never wavered. They were fixed on a mark between my ear and collar. Whatever I did, Clancy would get on one good swipe first—and one would be enough. I did nothing. My and by I started to talk back a little, to ask questions. At the same I put my hand in my pocket to check my financial position. It wasn't so good. The best I could do was a fiver. I pulled it out, tossed it on the table. Clancy's eyes didn't even flicker.

In the end he talked himself out. The creature went out of his eyes and was replaced by a steaming blank look. He muttered slowly forward, told me I was his greatest friend, patted me on the shoulder as a fatherly manner, and walked out. The fiver still lay on the table. I looked at the clock. Three minutes to six—that meant two hours of it! It also meant—] grabbed the coin, and sprinted for the door. I was thirsty, too. But I went the back way!





OUTDOOR OUTLOOK

The trend to outdoor living has been responsible for house plans which feature large areas of glass-enclosed windows, but more frequently doors—overlooking a well-protected terrace. For the terrace to be really useful means measures of protection from prevailing winds is desirable, as is also partial shade and weather protection. Thus the U-shaped plan has developed, together with the use of very wide eaves—and sometimes a pergola on well—over of least portion of the terrace.

Here is a two-bedroom house plan which incorporates many of today's most desirable features. Plans show sliding doors, with large windows each side, provide access to the terrace. The bedrooms wing gives the necessary protection from wind and wide eaves provide shade and shelter to the terrace

as well as to the main entrance door.

The living room is used for meals and has a direct connection to the modern kitchen. Both bedrooms have its own built-in cupboard. There is also a entry from playground and a storage wall at one end of the living room.

The bathroom—between the two bed rooms—is lined up in the modern manner and features a separate shower room.

A semi-modern exterior treatment is suggested in the accompanying sketch, but the plan is such that many different treatments, ranging from extreme modern to period, are possible with very little amendment to the principal features of the layout.

The minimum width of land required to accommodate this house is 30 feet and the overall area 1100 square feet.

Prepared by
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.



At midnight in Gema Bera they gathered for a young warrior's weird sword dance . . . Balu Alang, the opera patron of murder, fled to be appeased with a head.

LESTER KAY



murder dance in Borneo

GEMA BERA was an improbable place in which to find a Hollywood cameraman. In fact, Gema Bera was an improbable place.

And the cameraman was there, no team of technicians, producers, and experts—just the cameraman, a guy named Chas Miller. His camera was set up in the corner of a large room where Dyaks were celebrating. He had a lodgeward of three armed Malays, and that was all. It was midnight, the celebrations were reaching a climax, a young warrior in an antler was doing a dance, swinging wildly with his raised, prancing in ever-widening circles, cutting across the camera with each turn.

His sword swung viciously as it slashed past the lens and glared off it with a thin protest. He danced away, and the entire village waited for the next turn around. They all knew what was going to happen. Miller knew also.

That was a weird festival; the warrior was in a trance, he was the helpless puppet of Balu Alang, the great spirit-patron of murder. If the warrior slashed off a head in his wild dance, he would be blessed. And he was going to, everyone could see that, but no one would offend the great spirit by stopping him.

That cameraman had himself kicked off the run of luck that was being celebrated. The Dyaks knew that,

they didn't have a thing against him, and yet they were sitting breathless, waiting for him to be murdered, just because it was part of the cock-eyed set-up in that improbable place.

It was a moon, unobscured village in Upper Borneo. Jungle crowded its almost overhanging the village, but the pillars and doors of the houses were suspiciously carved, and the "trash" was encrusted on a dust of solid gold.

He sat on pure gold all day, then slept in sacred grass on the kitchen floor—snuggling against his wife, a pig, and two money dogs.

The celebrations that brought a sword whistling under Chas Miller's chin were just part of the same crazy pattern.

He had come looking for pictures, either moving or still. He had found the village starving, sunk in desperate, helpless gloom. Yet, in the clearing beyond, was a rich crop of rice beginning to be harvested. There was enough rice to feed the village for a year.

They wouldn't harvest it because the spirits, demons, and rigid rules that governed these hill-billy head-hunters were against them.

A certain kind of bird had to fly over the village. It had to wheel to the left and fly away, and until that happened, no Dyak would cut a single stalk of rice.

Starving men are not notoriously hospitable, and Gema Bera did not welcome Chas Miller. Most of them had never seen a white man, and only the rajah had seen a camera. As for the glamour of Hollywood, not even a cameraman could bring glamour through the rain-forest and over these parks. So Tessen Bir, the rajah, received Miller with a shotgun crew for his knee.

Miller bargained and got groins as answers. Tessen Bir began making camera pictures with his shotgun, so Miller, speaking in English, ordered one of his Malays to get a small stick of dynamite from his pack. While the Malay was on the ground, Miller began to boast of his own powerful magic, he offered to give a demonstration, using Tessen Bir's shotgun.

Miller got the dynamite, palmed it, got hold of the shotgun, and slipped the dynamite down his barrel. He made sure there was a live shell in the breach, and then, with a lot of back-patting, he propped the gun against a post, tied a string to its trigger, warned everybody away, and pulled the string.

It was the biggest noise any of those Dyaks had ever heard. It knocked them on their backs, blew the verandah off the rajah's house and scared birds in the nearby jungle into excited flight—including the bird of good omen. Every bird wheeled in every possible direction, as the second bird couldn't help seeing the right signal.

Harvesting the overripe crop of rice started within ten minutes with the catch of those wings.

Miller was there to get a film of a head-hunt. This was the right time to get it. The camera was with them; the Dyaks felt ready for anything and they needed fresh heads. Only heads newly taken would bring the all-powerful spirit of Balu Alang to dwell among them, and only Balu Alang could keep away the evil.

That is why the Dyaks hunt heads. The chief may have a fine array of grunting shields; each warrior may possess one or more himself; but the life-giving virtue goes out of them as they grow stale . . . and the village languishes. Fresh heads are needed to bring the power of Balu Alang back into the kampung.

YET another explanation of the huddled "masses" has recently been advanced by the U.S. National Museum. Throughout the regions traversed by the Immigrant across a spectrum of lakes. In some it is blown loose from rocks in the mountains and deposited in the valleys, forming tribes in the Middle East highly prone to sweet, malarial fevers. Some use it for bread-making; others mix it with mud for flavoring. A recent fall in Turkey saved a tribe from starvation.

The Ouma, Bess warriors climbed to get heads from the next village the conventional thing.

The rapids visited Miller to go along, and Miller says he refused. Maybe he did. On the other hand, when he told the story, he gave a circumstantial account of every detail, of circumstances and reactions. It sounded very like the account of a first-hand observer.

There were twenty-five warriors, enough to make a successful surprise attack. They crept around the other village till they came to a banana grove. Then they lay there waiting for an unsuspecting victim.

They waited two days. At no one came, they suddenly decided that the grove was haunted by malignant spirits. They fled in a panic and it took another two days to find enough good groves to start back.

This time, they actually did encounter three men in a little deserted spot. The men were squaring over a fire cooking a wild pig. Twenty-five head-hungry warriors were

within a few yards of them before they realized it. But they sprang up and drew their swords.

Miller is certain that Tamen Bat's men would have run away screaming if the three hadn't run first. One of these three dove into the jungle and got away. The others tried to, but too late. Tamen Bat's men charged.

One man did get away, but the party from Ouma Bess took three heads just the same. They returned with the victims in a banded mass and went down. When the mass returned, it had three heads, but it was a party of only twenty-four.

Apparently that didn't matter; Bah Akang didn't keep close accounts. A head was a head, and the warriors smoked and cured all three with equal care. They carried back the head of their own brother with as much rejoicing as the other two.

Ceremony followed ceremony, and Miller got his pictures. Every observation, however, was a means of drinking in the spirit of Bah Akang, the murder-spirit of the Bess-jungle, and there was no neutral atmosphere about it. The celebrations lasted eight days; and on the eighth it approached hysteria. The thought of murder, of the sudden swinging of a head, became a hypnotic obsession.

And something else. During these eight days there was a taboo against sex. That taboo was having its effect.

The rich were wanted to a punitive expedition by the protesting hysteria. The very knowledge that they were about exterminated their passions. The blood-bathing hot as hell was brought to exploding-point by maddening girl-hunger, and one had fed the other.

It was the eighth, and first, night of celebration. A young warrior danced, whirling his sword, clacking it in the direction of Chas Miller's

back, swirling, coming ever nearer the eyes were almost closed, his movements were trance-like.

As the warlike danced away in his widening circle, Miller was in a corner beside his camera. He had it focused on a chalk-mark he had made on the floor to tell him when to use his flash-powder to get a perfect "tell." At the next swirl, the dancing warrior would take his head, but Miller watched the man's feet. He saw them fall on the chalk-mark, and he sprang the trigger that set off the flash.

He blinked the prancing warrior so that he tripped over the tripod, went down in a tangle of photographer equipment, and lost his sword. The Dytars were too moved even to cry; they just sat still and howled in protest.

Another dance waited on the crowd, and came with the gleam of expectation. Behind the expectation were eight days of preparation, eight nights of repression, of over-heated outbursts. It had to find an outlet. Miller was still there, still in his corner.

He glanced at his watch; it was past midnight. He went to Tamen Bat, and whispered in his ear.

The crowd left the night's face instantly. His eyes glimmered with a new light as he flicked shivering lips to give the signal.

Miller was forgotten. He was so completely forgotten that he had to witness the scene. Main-hungry girls and woman-starved houses collapsed in a huddled mass.

That was something Miller didn't photograph.



— AND THE WATER RUSHES
ON DOWN, BY
SWEEPING PAST AWAY,
DESTROYING HOUSES AND
AND TREES AND FLOODS
RAGE ON — — — — —



FROM THE "GASPER" BATH
KING AND HER PHOTOGRAPH
BY "FATHER" TRUCKY,
SPEED TOWARDS THE
SCENE OF THE DISASTER.



EVEN THE MEN CAN'T
RAISE THE BOARDS
ON WHICH THE AREA
OF LIVING — — — — —



"WELL, WE'VE GOT
NONE," FATHER



"TUCK — THERE'S A
MOTOR BOAT OVER THERE"



SWIMMING THE SOUTHERN
OF THE CHOLUN RIVER
BATH AND TRUCKY REAR
THE BOAT — — — — —

WE MUST DO SOME
RESCUE WORK, WHILE
WE'RE GETTING THIS
STORY.



WHAT A PATHETIC
PICTURE...



THERE IS A PAINFUL
SCENE, BUT
EVEN MORE PAINFUL
THAN THE WRECKED
LIVESTOCK — — — — —



BUT THIS IS NOT A DE-
SERTED HOUSE, AFTER
ALL — — — — —



BATH KING STUMBLES
ON A DEAD
FAMILY WHICH HAS NOT
BEEN ABLE TO CALL
FOR HELP — — — — —



THE BOAT MAN, WHO
HAS ALREADY IN A
MOMENT, IS BEING
SWEEPED OUT BY THE
WATER, FLOOD, SWAYING
AND THE BOAT MAN
DOWN — — — — —







IS ANOTHER FLOOD-SUCK
LADDER TO BE
AND IS EXPECTED BY
NEW SIGNALS



RESCUED FROM THE
WOMAN SEEMS TO BE
AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE
TO THE POLICE, AND.....



"THERE IS SOMEONE
DISCUSSING PLANS THAT
THERE IS A CONSPIRACY
SOME KIND OF THE
SOME MAN....."



BANKETT IS SURE THAT
PLACE FOR SOME TIME
HE DIDN'T THINK HE IS
WELL ENOUGH TO USE
THE FLOOD



THE FLOOD HAS DELAYED
THE WORKING OF THE
IT IS A CONSPIRACY
BANKETT INTENDS TO
FORGIVE



I SAID THE MORTGAGE
ON YOUR BRIDE - YOUR
PLACE IS SAFE



REMEMBER - ROAD COURTESY MEANS ROAD SAFETY!



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the Drum of Sirinan

THE EURASIAN BEAUTY WAS SLIM, TAWNY, LANGUID
BUT AS DESTRUCTIVE AS A WILD HURRICANE

MIMA GRAY • FICTION

I was sitting in the Dutch Bay at Tropic Point when Koster came on. I hadn't been in the port since the end of the war and it was good to see the swarthy-blon Dutch doctor's familiar face. In the old days he and Voronch had been the twin kings of the island of Pandagon. Koster because he knew all the native dialects and half a dozen European languages and could be very useful to a streamer owner. Voronch because this was his island. His great grandfather had brought off Chinese slaves to settle on it, and all the Voronchs since had been born in the great shabby colonial palace he had built for his birds at the foot of the island's highest mountain.

Pandagon has a singular beauty that can pull a man back from the ends of the earth, but it is a beauty veiled in a curse. The curse of the Drum of Sirinan. Five days since my ship had come in, the pulsing music

of the drum had haunted the nocturnal little port. That was partly why I was pleased to see Jan Koster. He couldn't stop me evening at the drum house, but we could talk a bit and forget them.

He sat down heavily and we talked for an hour. He seemed glad, as if the uneasy horror was hanged over him also, though he was no stranger to Sirinan. I'd heard the legendary Drum only once before myself. During the war years it had thrilled the three days and one of the Russian general's "dragons," a race lad, had failed to appear to serve breakfast. They found his body in the Lagerman's garden with no mark of violence on it . . . only a red look of terror on the contorted face.

Koster had consumed the body and dragged unharmed. "It's usual to the victims of Sirinan . . . that look." I'd persuaded him to tell me the legend of the drum of Sirinan or

"The Dream That Is Louder Than Silence" as the author call it.

"Yes, think," he said, "there is nothing in silence . . . but here in Pandjag we are heavier with the hidden horror of silence. Because when there is silence and empty sunlight and no living form breaking a vast then there is something terrible within in that void of sound. Some times it drifts from tree to tree, sometimes it stands rippling yellow and black stripes in the shadow of copper leaves . . . and sometimes it roars as two feet . . . but more terrible even than silence in the jungle is the voice of Strama's dream."

It appears that when the gods walked the earth in the beginning of time, they were allotted human forms so that they might appear amongst men without comment. But on the day that these bodies were given to them, Strama—who is the guardian of violence and all things such as violence, vengeance and happiness—was away in Pandjag attending to a local volcano . . . so that he was overloaded and did not receive a human body. In most cases then, Strama has seized the body of a man away (his years or so for a thousand) years, and he will continue to do so until there are no more men on the island of Pandjag.

I was thinking of the murderous legend and its mysterious brotherhood of followers when Koster dropped his head suddenly in his long way back.

The waiter checked me. I said, embarrassed, "Where's Vornough these days?" I'd never particularly liked the stiff-necked arrogant lord of the island, although I'd spent several week-ends at the house where past Vornoughs had assumed so many of the trappings of the east, carved oak tables, pearl-shaded lamps, toilet screens . . . It was weird, that pos-

see of the Vornoughs, and the man himself had had more than the usual share of family pride.

Koster pulled down his belt and seemed to come to some decision. "He married after the war, you heard?" he said.

I started. "What?" With a married partner of what kind of rank and while wife Vornough would choose for the mother of future lords of Pandjag. After all he could afford to be selective, he was expected to be a millionaire in pre-war days. "What's the story?"

Koster still had his pale eyes on me with their odd, drowned expression. "Have you ever seen a hurricane? That invisible average force that suddenly destroys everything it touches . . . there are women like that . . . I think they can't help themselves . . ." he gazed and let his head fall in his hands again in the way that had disturbed me.

Around us the drum pulsed with steady ecstasy. It filled the room, growing on the sound of rattles pacing outside . . . it filled my head until the hot damp air pulsed with it. It was impossible that a drum beaten as the way could have this steady pace. Yet how far away was it . . . nobody knew . . . it was like a sickness. The veins stood out on Koster's weary forehead.

"Vornough married a woman of our islands . . . a European," he said heavily. Then he let his grim mouth relax into some kind of bitter smile. "You know our people here. To a man as keen, even the mouth of a mosquito holds a fine view. It was so with Vornough. Golden belongs to Koro. She is probably the most beautiful thing that nearly little island has ever produced." His eyes flickered as he said it.

"She is twenty years younger than

On the average . . .

one family
in three
relies on
the A.M.P.



You don't earn the trust of thousands by chance. One in three Australian families, on the average, rely on the A.M.P. The London, M.P. has earned this trust by serious service given in full measure for over a century because the A.M.P. is and always has been, a wholly united society. There are no shareholders, and all surplus earned is returned on full to policy holders. That is one reason why the Australian Mutual Provident Society, in just over a century, has grown to be the largest Mutual Life Assurance Office in the British Commonwealth.

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Versteeg's." He told me the story of Versteeg's incredible marriage while the drum pulsed in that great gloom.

"Gus was already known to us when Versteeg brought him to live here. There had been several unfortunate deaths in her village. Unfortunately, she was not only beautiful, she had something else . . . a disturbing force that allows nothing to escape . . . like a hurricane attracting everything into its destructive path. . . ." He stared into the shadows again, unconscious that he had slipped from the past into the present tense.

"At first she seemed contented with all her new treasures. You know Versteeg's house up there. It fitted her admirably . . . then she began to grow bored with her white husband who was, after all no longer a boy. He had not the fire of her native land. Versteeg did not feel the excitement in her body, as one can't see the troubled water in a vessel if one sits all day admiring its tender curves."

I did not question how Kater knew so much of the Versteegs' private life. He is the only white man on Pandjara whom I had repeatedly fit to associate with . . . and he had always been a constant guest at the great house.

I tried to bring a lighter note into the depressing gloom, "It sounds the usual story of 'after the honeymoon,'" I grinned.

"An Amsterdamer . . . it would have been ordinary . . . out here on Pandjara . . . no."

"But it looked up all right," I smiled.

He smiled at me again with that peculiar mid-morning smile.

He went on, "You know how Versteeg always intended to come to Holland and leave a manager here. It was unfortunate that he had no

younger brother to follow him in the usual way. He decided to educate a suitable son. He chose the half-Indian son of old Kloss . . . a clever pleasant boy with a university education. It must have seemed a perfect choice. I suppose though it was inevitable that some kind of unforeseen misadventure should arise between the boy and . . . Gus."

It struck me suddenly that he had never once called her "Wawa Versteeg" . . . only "Gus."

Kater went on, "I tried to warn the boy . . . I tried to explain about this woman from Bona. That she had no thoughts of him other than the way his strength and youth could bring her . . . But it had already gone too far; he couldn't listen. Next time I passed through I knew the situation was worse. She was already tired of young Kloss and was extracting a good deal of entertainment out of torturing him in front of Versteeg. It was a bad time of the year and, in addition, the Dutch had started to boat. You know what a horror that can be to a white man alone . . . with the peckish suspicion in Versteeg's house it was hell."

I looked in, "Why don't you white-gate together and sleep the thing out."

He smiled faintly, "How do you go about attempts at something you can't touch . . . you know how closely kept the secrets of the Brotherhood of Bona are."

It was true. The brown men of Pandjara are a strange, secret people whose first encounter was the smile with the woman's tail . . . and no plainer drama exists than the match. Nobody was supposed ever to have looked the Dutch back to its source . . . so those who had ventured had not returned.

Kater went on, "Well . . . I refused

SUSPENDED WITH SKEWERS



The Hopi Indians of Arizona had a religious ritual as gruesome as any other in the world.

THE Hopi Indians lived in the hot and treeless world of South-west North America, in the area now known as Arizona. They still live there, though their old customs have been greatly changed by the influence of white civilization.

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The ceremony usually lasts until the dancers are exhausted, but at one stage the warriors take sponsored by the Medicine men, often causing themselves serious injury. In the old days the most spectacular and gruesome part of the ritual was the self-mutilation provided by the dancers. They forced wooden skewers through the fleshy parts of their backs and back and were then suspended by cords attached to these skewers. Each warrior would then struggle until his

flesh broke away and he fell to the ground.

A variation to suspension was the hanging of heavy weights, such as buffalo skulls, to the skewers. The dancers threw these around until the flesh gave way . . . and if the skewers were too deeply inserted, other warriors helped by clinging to those suspended, or sitting on the buffalo skulls to give extra weight.

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what Gorman did not. Just Ventrone knew of her office work young Kloss. I knew too how dangerous it was. Ventrone owned Gorman. She was not only his wife, she was part of his mind and therefore his sole possession . . . he would never tolerate any interference with his rule. I didn't like the situation, but I couldn't see what Ventrone intended to do . . . he never showed his direct contrary to Kloss. One night when he had finished dinner he said suddenly, "The drama tired of that silly reputation about Hermann. I can't get any of the ladies to work on that side of the business. I'm going up that mountain to see what I can find out tomorrow."

"The boy Kloss raised my eye. 'You dare not, Myshower Ventrone!'"

"Ventrone stopped then. The not a weakness notice! The boy flinched. 'We men has our duty!'"

Kloss made rings on the table top with his glass. "I looked up at Gorman. Surely no woman would allow Ventrone . . . but she was looking at the boy, her long green eyes intense . . . pointed to his face. She said then, of course, Ventrone could not go alone, he must take young Kloss. Then she got up from the table, and went out smiling.

"I used to stop both of them" going. I could see Kloss was named, after all, he was part native and the story of Hermann was part of his reputation otherwise, but he would not give way to his fear in front of Ventrone. . . a was the same three days. So they both went."

The drama arrived to elated and flowed on the last night. After a long minute I said, "What happened?"

"Three days afterwards Ventrone returned. We could get very little sense out of him as to the whole-



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NO2

Day of the Dragon

• FICTION



GEORGE C. APPELL

The aged witch doctor's supple fingers were cool and tender . . . to the sick man they seemed to ease his pain-racked body.

THERE were only three of us on the slab veranda that afternoon. There was Frodothorne, sitting with hands folded, shaking his well-dressed face and repeating in a murmur, "I do not think they're much good," an opinion which seemed to irritate Unger.

Neither Unger nor myself knew Frodothorne at all. He had come up to Hang Keng from Saigon with his wife to spend the holiday, and he had been extended the courtesy of the club. He was expecting his wife to join him any minute.

"No," he said again, "I cannot say much for herbals."

Unger asked finally "Why not? What's wrong with 'em?"

Unger was a wide-bodied, belding man with forest-quick eyes. He had been in the Orient longer than he had any right to be, and I knew that he was planning to leave it soon. He had been a trader up in the north country.

"Herbals?" Unger went on, "are sometimes a damn sight better than medicine."

A sour expression twisted Frodothorne's dark features. "I cannot believe that the laying on of hands and the grinding of dragon's teeth to powder can cure a person," he said.

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"You don't?" Unger winked at me. He had brought up the subject when Mrutherson asked if witch doctors paid their trade in the holiday periods. "I do. Witch doctors there may be, I don't know. But healers there are. I believe in their methods."

Harry Unger pulled shabby flannels the length of his jaw. "I'm what they call an old China hand, and I know. North of here, before the troubles, I was combining business with pleasure one week. There was supposed to be some fine white jade out in the hills west of Peking, on Siyuan way. I went out to track it down, and tried a shotgun and a .38-20 just in case some good color game came along. One wet afternoon I was lookin' to make camp, my horses and me. We hadn't found the jade, and I was feeling pretty miserable. Then, towards midnight, we came out on the shoulder of a low mountain, and there below us, another halfway down the side, was an old temple. It didn't look to be occupied, so we went down and opened the gate. There wasn't anyone in the bell tower, there wasn't even a bell, and I was turnin' to my Number One to tell him we could stay here, when a boy came out of the temple and crossed the courtyard. He had warning boots on, so I figured he belonged to a western man.

"He asked me if pretty good English if I was a doctor, and in Chinese I told him no. Then he said to come on anyway, to some inside." Unger shrugged and grinned and shrugged again. "Jade, yin' on a grassy mat, was a friend of mine. Sick, he'd been. Men called Flip. He'd flip you for anything. His wife was with him - but she was just lookin' helpless and a little scared. . . . It was the same day as to-day, matter of fact. The Day of the

Dragon, when you're supposed to even up social obligations and whatnot. Flip's boy lighted a tiger, and I could see all these empty wall niches where the kids had been. . . ."

You could see the place as Unger talked - cold, stone walls rising to the dizzy bloom of the reddest coating; a tremendous altar and decrepit side-steps for the priests.

Flip was a small man with pale-blue eyes and a slender face ruined with the years. He was supposed to be a good hunter, a fine guide, an excellent expert for European sportsmen who hired him. But lying there he seemed to be more like a tired old man who was reaching the end of the road. At least, that's what Unger thought, and you couldn't blame him.

He knuck by the blanket. "What's happened, Flip, old man? Loss another bet?"

Flip would bet on anything. "Damn even, Harry. I had but one customer this season, and he lost himself a white buck and had to go down-country for a doctor. My other boy took him." Flip let out his breath. "So I thought I'd take it slow, see, and try to plug a small-brown buck. Tell the head, no?"

But even that hadn't worked out, and on the long trail east for home Flip had gotten cramps, had cramps. And on the second day, within sight of the empty temple, he'd doubled off his pony and been looking in the mud. His wife and the Number One had hand-carried him in, leading the ponies, and there he'd remained for three days.

"How is it now, Flip?"

"Better. Much better. I think I can travel soon."

"We must!" His wife came out of the awing shadow. "We've got to get out of this place!" She fixed her great green eyes on Unger. "He's

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Talking Points

DESERTER'S FATE:

It is a jolly Hollywood boy and related the wealth of colorful, exciting adventure in New Zealand's wild history, particularly the Boer Wars. However, CAVALCADE is not so romantic—and we also have the writers to dig them out and do them justice. On page 4 this month, in "The Tracker Died in Honour" by Charles Hodge, you will find a gripping account of a little-known red-tan saga, Kirihi Hunt. Yes, that's right, we read redskin. What he was doing in New Zealand, and why he walked out of a redskin camp to join the famous Red Men, are two queries you will be able to answer for yourself after reading it.

WILL TO DIE:

In "Dumb at Thunders" (page 18), Marie Healy has come up with what must be the daddy of all hen-kill overreactions. In cover on the slopes of New Guinea's Mount Lauenstein, towards the end of World War II, several thousand Japs chose death at their own heads rather than surrender. She makes a good job of trying to picture for you the madhouse scene in the exchange, daily-in rock formations in this area volcano got under way.

INNY FINGERS:

Despite what you see in the movies, newspapermen are not hard-boiled, hard-drinking, hard-fighting rogues from fantastic sayings. Generally, reporting is an ordinary, uneventful, wage-paying profession. If there is anything that makes it different is other forms of evil, it is the conglomeration of news, minutes, adventures and opportunities with which the reporter comes in contact. They are far more unusual and interesting than he is. On page 55, Corbin Meacham—a longtime member of the Fourth Estate—sounds off about some of the fools and freaks he has been plagued with.

NEXT MONTH:

We think you will find next month's CAVALCADE as full of varied fare as ever. In "Carrie Carried a Bazooka" you will meet a fabulous old lady who walked a hatchet for a spouse new purpose. Frank Browne tells of the swiftness, nerve-racked endurance of college football coaches in the States. For those with a pathological head, we recommend "Firebugs Are Sea Muffs." In a strong fiction lineup, look for "Guardians of the Way," a neat vignette by Paul Graham, and "A Flight to Honour," by popular Ned Wetkin.

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